AUDREY ROSE

A Screenplay

by

Frank De Felitta

A ROBERT WISE PRODUCTION

Director: Robert Wise

Producers: Joe Wizan
Frank De Felitta

June 7, 1976

AUDREY ROSE

FADE IN:

1 INT./EXT. AUTOMOBILE - LONG SHOT - PENNSYLVANIA TURNPIKE - DAY

THROUGH the windshield wipers of a moving car we SEE the Pennsylvania Turnpike outside Pittsburgh: rain falls in sheets. The storm has darkened the sky, forcing motorists to use their headlights. Suddenly, a car in the opposite lane flashes its lights, skids around and around like a helpless toy, jumps the divider and hurtles into our path, and there is a quick jumble of metal, sky and pavement as we spin off the road and down an embankment, somersaulting.

2 EXT. AUTOMOBILE - LONG SHOT

Spinning, tumbling, the automobile catapults down the embankment and comes to rest upside down. Smoke pours up from the underside and the wheels turn in the rain. Merging with the strident SOUNDS of HEAVY WINDS, PELTING RAIN, and BURNING WRECKAGE, are the barely audible SCREAMS of a child.

3 CLOSE SHOT - LICENSE PLATE

The plate, peeling in the flames, reads: "PENNSYLVANIA 1966."

4 SUPER: INSERT - NEWSPAPER CLIPPING

A small item in the Pittsburgh Post Gazette dated October 7, 1966. It reads:

> TWO VEHICLE CAR CRASH KILLS 2,
> INJURES 1
>
> A woman and her young daughter were killed and one person was injured after their cars collided on the Penna. Turnpike during a sudden hailstorm.
>
> Police have withheld the identity of the dead pending notification of relatives.

5 EXT. CENTRAL PARK - CLOSE SHOT - LICENSE - DAY

The plate reads: "New York, 1976." With an angry HONK the bus which bears the license plate pulls away, revealing a vista of Central Park, bustling with Sunday bike riders enjoying the warmth of the lovely September day. Over which:

6 MAIN TITLE AND CREDITS

(After each title card, the following b.g. scenes remain in the clear for a few feet, establishing the TEMPLETON family, BILL, JANICE and IVY.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

Janice is in her early thirties, slim, attractive, alert and sensitive. Her husband, Bill, is also in his mid-thirties, still youthful in body and mind, ambitious, practical, and deeply in love with his family. Their daughter, Ivy, is a tall, lithe, strikingly beautiful girl of ten with deep knowing eyes.)

A) THE BICYCLE PATH. Bill, Janice and Ivy, dressed in two-piece sweatsuits, are SEEN on their bikes in a covey of other cyclists, pedaling hard. Ivy is in the lead; Bill is closing in fast, but makes sure he doesn't overtake her. Ivy laughs and pushes onward. Bill effects a desperate effort to succeed. Janice trails behind them, huffing and puffing. A Nikon camera is slung over her shoulder.

B) A SECTION OF PARK. Bill dealing out hot dogs and soda pop to his family, who are relaxing on the grass. Janice adjusts the exposure on her Nikon. Bill has brought a balloon for Ivy, which she accepts with a look of childish wonder and joy. As it rises above her, Janice snaps shots of her expression. CAMERA MOVES TO SEE the figure of a man in the far distance, who might be observing them.

C) THE SEAL POND. The funny, bewhiskered face of a Sea Lion rises INTO CAMERA, begging for food. Bill holds Ivy over the railing and, a trifle nervously, she throws it a melt. The Sea Lion gobbles it up. Ivy mimics the way the Sea Lion eats, and the funny face he makes. Janice snaps away with her camera.

D) THE OUTDOOR THEATER. Ivy stands on the deserted stage and mimes a melodramatic death scene, clutching her throat and sinking to her knees. Bill applauds her from the all but deserted outdoor auditorium as Janice shoots studies of Bill's face. Fifty rows behind them sits the same man as before, seen even less distinctly.

E) CENTRAL PARK WEST - TAVERN ON THE GREEN. The Templetons walk their bikes to the corner and wait for the green light. When it changes, they hurry across the boulevard towards the canopied entrance of Hotel Des Artistes.

F) SIGN ON DOOR. It reads: "<u>Keep out</u>! <u>Genius At Work</u>!!"

G) SMALL DARK ROOM. In the red light we SEE the happy face of Ivy gradually emerging in the developer solution. When it is fully developed, Janice's hand whisks it into the short-stop tray and into the hypo pan. After a second, she removes it and pastes it up against a ferro-type plate which features several other candid poses of Bill and Ivy taken around the apartment.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (2)

Janice studies them with an expression that bespeaks more than a photographer's pride; it is more the look of wonderment, awe and love she feels for her family. So intent is she on the photos, that she doesn't realize that Bill has entered the dark room until he clasps her from behind in a tight and loving embrace. Janice laughs and tries to squirm out of his embrace in a softly feminine, demurring manner, signifying that this is not the time or place for such games. But Bill is oblivious to her protests and continues his love-play until Janice succumbs and is soon returning his ardor in a long and sensual kiss. As Bill's hand unzips the back of her dress, CAMERA MOVES TO the shots of Ivy, glistening on the ferro-type plate.

END OF CREDITS.

7 EXT. ETHICAL CULTURE SCHOOL - DAY

The rain is falling on the Ethical Culture School in midtown Manhattan. CAMERA MOVES IN SLOWLY ON a group waiting under umbrellas in front of the school.

8 CLOSER ANGLE - THE GROUP

A dour and solemn assemblage of parents waiting for their children. Among the group is Janice. She abstractedly observes the others, a sea of joyless females of varying ages. Then Janice's eyes fall on ELLIOT HOOVER, the lone male in the group. Is he the man we saw in the park?

9 MED. SHOT - ELLIOT HOOVER

He stands nestled in the group of waiting mothers, fortyish, sandy-haired, hatless, and sports a thick beard and mustache. He is gazing up at the school doors.

10 CLOSE SHOT - JANICE

She casually studies him, in a seemingly unconscious manner, then suddenly realizes that...

11 MED. SHOT - ELLIOT HOOVER

... is looking squarely at her.

12 CLOSE SHOT - JANICE

She turns away in embarrassment. Then, after a moment, her interest piqued, she looks at him covertly.

13 MED. SHOT - ELLIOT HOOVER

His head is once again averted as he continues his vigil on the school doors. The SCHOOLBELL RINGS.

14 LOW ANGLE - SCHOOL DOORS

The doors open and a parade of children tumble out, laughing and shouting. CAMERA TRUCKS BACK WITH Ivy as she emerges, until she has come to Janice, who reaches her hand for Ivy's.

IVY
Can I get a lemon coke?

Janice looks the briefest moment in sadness at the vision of time passing within her daughter.

JANICE
I'll fix you one at home.

Hand in hand, they turn to go.

15 MED. TRACKING SHOT

The CAMERA TRACKS BEHIND Janice and Ivy as they walk up Central Park West. The umbrella bobs as they walk quickly in the rain. Janice suddenly slows down and, as an afterthought, turns her head over her shoulder to look behind her. She gasps and stops. Ivy turns.

16 REVERSE ANGLE

Hoover, suddenly stopped, is immediately behind them and is looking down at Ivy with inexpressible longing, impatience and need. The umbrella unopened in his hand, the rain drips down his forehead from his plastered hair.

17 MED. SHOT

Janice instinctively puts an arm over Ivy's shoulder.

JANICE
(inanely)
Excuse me...

She turns and, grabbing Ivy's arm, steers her quickly away, not turning back. Their figures scurry up the boulevard, which is lined with mountains of uncollected trash and garbage.

18 EXT. DES ARTISTES - LONG SHOT - DAY

Janice and Ivy walk quickly across the street to the canopied entrance of the elegant apartment house. MARIO, the uniformed doorman, opens the large glass door for them, and Ivy enters.

19 CLOSE SHOT - JANICE

She looks furtively up the street.

20 HER POV - LONG SHOT - HOOVER

standing in the rain at the corner, observing Janice.

21 BACK TO SCENE

Janice's face pales and she quickly enters the lobby.

22 INT. LOBBY OF DES ARTISTES

The CAMERA TRACKS Janice ACROSS the old lobby TO the elevator. Ivy is nattering away to ERNIE, the elevator man.

IVY
... Oh, school is still boring all right, Mr. Bruno. Especially Mondays, with most of the week ahead of you and all that homework they pile on you.

ERNIE
(commiserating)
Yeah, I hated it.

Ernie nods a greeting to Janice and closes the elevator door.

23 INT. TEMPLETON APARTMENT - CLOSE SHOT - JANICE AND IVY - DAY

Janice double locks and bolts the door with the chain. Ivy has been speaking as they enter and walk into the living room.

IVY
... At least that's what Jennifer told Peter. Oh, by the way, Jill O'Connor says she started to -- you know what.

JANICE
(distractedly)
No. What?

IVY
(shyly)
Menstruate.

They have entered the living room, a duplex, the ceilings paneled and painted in the manner of Fragonard. Enormous windows enhance the elaborately appointed room, complete with wooden staircase and gallery with carved bannisters and cornices featuring slavering gargoyles.

IVY
(continuing)
-- and she's only nine. Mom, do you believe it?

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

JANICE
No, I think she's a fibber.

IVY
She's a liar.

JANICE
I didn't say that. Girls like Jill like to fantasize.
(then)
What about that coke?

IVY
I'll have it later.

JANICE
Isn't Maude on tonight?

IVY
Yes.
(then)
-- Maybe I should do my homework -- get it over with.

JANICE
(smiles)
Maybe you should.

Ivy's step is buoyant as she quickly ascends the staircase. Janice watches her, the smile on her face vanishing.

24 LONG SHOT - JANICE

The moment Ivy is out of sight, Janice quickly crosses the living room to the wall of windows. After a moment's hesitation, she gazes down at the shadowed city below. SOUNDS of the CITY -- intense, caustic, dangerous, penetrate the ancient casements.

25 HER POV - CITY VIEW

Far below -- nine stories down -- is the wet street corner. Hoover is no longer there.

26 CLOSE SHOT - JANICE

gazing downward -- her eyes are pinpricks of intensity -- Suddenly there is a SOUND at the door. Janice starts.

27 CLOSE SHOT - THE DOOR

Slowly, slowly, the tumblers turn in the double locks.

28 MED. SHOT - JANICE

An edge of panic creeps into her face.

29 CLOSE SHOT - DOOR

The tumblers are turned. The door is pushed in and the chain snaps taut with a bang.

30 CLOSE SHOT - JANICE

She glances fleetingly up toward the gallery and Ivy's room.

31 CLOSE SHOT - DOOR

The chain is slammed taut once, twice, three times... Then comes a frustrated male VOICE from behind it.

BILL'S VOICE
Oh, come on. Open up!

32 MED. SHOT - JANICE

She brightens with relief, and runs to the door.

33 CLOSER SHOT

Janice flips off the chain and opens the door, revealing Bill. Janice throws her arms around him and remains clinging to him. The effusiveness of her greeting is unexpected.

BILL
Hey, what is it? You're shaking.

JANICE
You're home early.
(kissing his cheek)
I'll get a glass chilling for your martini.

BILL
(cringing)
Do -- not -- mention -- that -- word...!

Janice releases him.

JANICE
One of those days?

BILL
One of those lunches.

He walks unsurely toward the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

BILL
(continuing)
I've got to lie down, Janice.

JANICE
You've got about an hour. Carole and Russ are coming up with her aunt from Cleveland.

At the staircase, Bill pauses, registers an agonized expression and utters a softly-sibilant expletive. Then he wearily proceeds up the steps.

34 INT. IVY'S BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Ivy is sprawled across her bed, on her stomach, tussling over a knotty problem. Bill pokes his head in at the doorway.

BILL
Hi, Princess.

Ivy turns and smiles at him lavishly.

IVY
Hi, Daddy --
(then, softly)
Oh, Daddy, I found out. And I was so careful she never guessed why I was asking...

Bill advances toward her, sits beside her on the bed.

IVY
(continuing)
... A peignoir, layers of beige chiffon over chocolate. It's beautiful, and she'll look beautiful in it. When can we buy it?

BILL
Oh, when we have some time, Princess. There's still 75 days till Christmas.
(then, remembering)
Hey, your birthday's next week. Have you made up <u>your</u> mind?

A fleeting look of uncertainty flashes across Ivy's face, followed by a quick smile.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

IVY
Uh-uh. Surprise me.

Bill smiles and kisses her head.

35 CLOSE SHOT - HI-FI - CEILING - TRACKING - NIGHT

The intense MUSIC of Scriabin is HEARD as Bill lovingly adjusts dials and knobs on the complex biamplified system consisting of exposed elements arranged on a Louis XV table. CAMERA TRACKS PAST the system and UPWARD TO the ceiling, to a cornice featuring sculptured gargoyles, next to which are flanked two modern woofer speakers. As CAMERA TRACKS across the beautifully-moulded ceiling panels and paintings, past couples sporting through the dark, velvety gardens of the French courts, we pick up JANICE'S VOICE.

JANICE'S VOICE
... The building was built by artists, for artists in 1907. The ceiling paintings and mouldings in this apartment were imported from Italy by the first owner...

36 FULL SHOT

RUSS ROTHMAN, portly and middle-aged, and CAROLE ROTHMAN, ten years younger, are seated on the couch, on either side of Carole's aunt, MRS. GILBERT, a plain, elderly woman. As Janice speaks, mainly for her benefit, Mrs. Gilbert's eyes traverse the ceiling and she nods politely. Janice sits in a club chair across from them. A cocktail table separates them.

JANICE
(continuing)
... Paul Whiteman lived here for six years during the twenties. Gershwin played his rhapsody for him in this room.
(to Carole)
The piano stood just about where you're sitting, Mrs. Gilbert.

Mrs. Gilbert shifts uncomfortably, as though suddenly finding herself sitting on someone's grave.

37 INT. IVY'S BEDROOM - IVY - NIGHT

The CAMERA MOVES IN on the sleeping form of Ivy as she stirs restlessly and begins to fret and moan as if caught in a bad dream.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

In the pale light of the bedroom, Ivy's face is suffused with a strange pallor.

38 INT. LIVING ROOM - FULL SHOT - TEMPLETONS AND ROTHMANS *

just as we left them, listening to the MUSIC, and musing.

RUSS
Hotel Des Artistes. Built by artists, for artists...
(gazes at Bill)
What the hell are we doing here?

BILL
(winks and grins)
I don't know about you, but I've got hidden depths.

39 MED. SHOT

An O.S. SOUND, or some innate sense, causes Bill and Janice to suddenly look at each other, with concern. Janice rises.

JANICE
Excuse me...

CAROLE
(rising)
We've got to go, Janice. Come along, Auntie...

Mrs. Gilbert rises, and with studied politeness, says:

MRS. GILBERT
Thank you so much for your hospitality.

40 INT. IVY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ivy moans restively in her sleep as Janice bends down to her and gently strokes her forehead, softly calling...

JANICE
Ivy. Ivy, dear...

Ivy's moans escalate momentarily, then with a sudden spasmodic lurch, she escapes her nightmare and her eyes snap open. For the briefest moment she gazes about in a lost, frightened manner, her breath coming in quick, choked gasps.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

Then, seeing her room, and her mother's face, she quickly adjusts to these safe, familiar surroundings, and throws her arms around her mother's neck. Although her questions belie the fact, we sense that Janice is accustomed to her daughter's nightmares, and is deeply worried about them.

IVY
Oh, Mom... It was awful...

JANICE
What was awful?

IVY
I don't know. I can't remember...

JANICE
It was only a dream.

IVY
(confusedly)
Yeah. A dream.
(then)
Mom, I don't feel well.

Janice presses her cheek against Ivy's face.

JANICE
You don't seem to have a fever...

IVY
Darn it.

JANICE
... but I think we'll keep you home from school tomorrow anyway.

Ivy favors her mother with a radiant smile, and a tight hug.

IVY
I love you.

The CAMERA MOVES IN on Janice's worried expression.

41 INT. TEMPLETON BEDROOM - CLOSE SHOT - NIGHT

Janice. Her face mirrors the same concern as in the previous scene as she lowers a nightgown over her head. The CAMERA TILTS DOWN with her as she slips into bed. Then, hesitantly, and with apprehension, she speaks:

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

JANICE
Bill, something strange happened today. There was a man outside the school.

There is no answer. Janice turns to look at Bill.

42 WIDEN ANGLE

TO INCLUDE Bill. His back is turned to her, and he is asleep, though a book is propped open in his hand.

JANICE
... Bill...

She does not wake him. Instead, she carefully removes the book from his hand and places it on the night table. Then she turns off the bedlamp.

A distant SIREN penetrates the dark stillness of the bedroom, and Janice burrows into Bill's body for protection. Her eyes fasten to a part of the ceiling.

43 CLOSE SHOT - TEMPLETON BEDROOM CEILING

From the cornice, a demon head leers down at Janice.

44 ANGLE - JANICE

The CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY into a BIG CLOSEUP of her face. There is a palpable sense of impending doom in her expression.

45 EXT. ETHICAL CULTURE SCHOOL - CLOSE SHOT - DAY

Elliot Hoover, standing in front of the school, apart from the other parents, gazing expectantly up Central Park West toward Des Artistes. CAMERA ZOOMS BACK to LONG POV ANGLE.

46 EXT. CENTRAL PARK WEST - CLOSE TRACKING SHOT - BILL - DAY

trudging up the Park side of Central Park West, across the street from the Ethical Culture School, his eyes tracking Elliot Hoover, O.S. His expression is secretive, yet knowing and fearful.

47 BILL'S POV - LONG SHOT

The CAMERA TRACKS by Hoover, who has not seen Bill.

48 BACK TO SCENE - TRACKING

Bill moves onward, his eyes glaring at Hoover, O.S.

(CONTINUED)

48. CONTINUED:

BILL'S VOICE
He has sandy-gray hair, pale blue eyes, about five-nine. Bushy beard. Spaced-out, weird, hungry look...

49. INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - CLOSE SHOT - DAY

DETECTIVE FALLON, a young plainclothesman, sits at a desk in the dingy Detectives' Room, listening to Bill's story.

DETECTIVE FALLON
When did you first notice him?

CAMERA PANS TO BILL, standing across Fallon's desk. Uniformed policemen idle about in his b.g.

BILL
A couple of weeks ago. I first spotted him on the bus, going home...

50. INT. CROWDED BUS - FULL SHOT - MOVING - DAY

The bus is packed with evening passengers. Bill stands in the f.g. reading his newspaper. Hoover stands in the b.g. covertly observing Bill. CAMERA MOVES IN ON Bill. Pretending to read, his eyes flicker toward Hoover, behind him.

BILL'S VOICE
... He seemed familiar somehow, like I'd seen him somewhere before...

51. INT. ELEVATOR - FULL SHOT - DAY

Filled to capacity, Bill and Hoover are crushed together.

BILL'S VOICE
... Next day, there he was again, in the elevator where I work...

52. INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - MED. SHOT - DAY

Detective Fallon interrupts with...

DETECTIVE FALLON
Where is that?

BILL
385 Madison Avenue. I'm a partner in Simmons and Templeton Advertising. *

52 CONTINUED:

DETECTIVE FALLON
Well, maybe he works there, too.

BILL
Unh-unh...

53 EXT. CENTRAL PARK WEST - DAY

The CAMERA TRACKS Bill, still watching Hoover in front of the school, O.S. Bill's face is taut with anger.

BILL'S VOICE
Now he shows up every morning when I take my daughter to school.

54 BILL'S POV - LONG SHOT - HOOVER - TRACKING

Hoover, still gazing up the boulevard expectantly. Now he turns, sees Bill, O.S., registers surprise and takes a step toward Bill.

DETECTIVE FALLON'S VOICE
Has your wife seen this man? Has she said anything?

BILL'S VOICE
No, and I don't want to alarm her.

55 MED. SHOT - BILL AND CAB

Bill is in a cab. A grim smile twists his lips as he gazes out the rear window at Hoover, O.S. The cab drives off.

DETECTIVE FALLON'S VOICE
Has this person ever battered you?

BILL'S VOICE
Battered me?

56 INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - DAY

Detective Fallon rises.

DETECTIVE FALLON
Has he come into purposeful bodily contact with you? Has he pushed you, or hit you?

BILL
No, nothing like that.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

DETECTIVE FALLON
Unless there's evidence of an assault or battery, there's very little we can do, Mr. Templeton.

BILL
Isn't it enough that he's been dogging my heels all over town?

DETECTIVE FALLON
I'm afraid not. There's no law to prevent people from being on the city streets wherever and whenever they want to be.

Bill can only shake his head in disbelief.

57 INT. TEMPLETON APARTMENT - CLOSE - SCRABBLE BOARD - DAY

The word "kill" is laid down. Ivy's hand adds an "s" for a score. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO SEE Ivy, in bathrobe, and Janice, sitting on the living room floor in a patch of sunlight. Ivy laughs in delight at her victory.

JANICE
Not bad, champ. Not bad.

The TELEPHONE RINGS. Janice rises and goes to the phone.

JANICE
(continuing)
Hello?
(she waits)
Hello?

HOOVER'S VOICE
(softly, hesitantly)
Is she all right?

JANICE
(quiet apprehension)
... Bill?

HOOVER'S VOICE
I didn't see Ivy at school this morning. Is she all right?

Janice hangs up abruptly. She shuts her eyes, steeling herself against a rising tide of panic. Then, striving for control, she surreptitiously removes the phone from the cradle.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

She takes a deep calming breath and returns to Ivy.

IVY
Who was it?

JANICE
(casually)
Secret Service.

IVY
(laughs knowingly)
Yeah, the little man who wasn't there.
(then)
Jill O'Connor says she gets obscene calls all the time.

JANICE
(laughs lightly)
Uh-huh. And we know all about Jill O'Connor, don't we.

They both laugh, conspiratorially.

58 INT. GROCERY STORE - CLOSE - CONVEX MIRROR - NIGHT

Through the distorted images of the convex mirror (the type found along ceiling corners in stores to discourage shop-lifting) we SEE a claustrophobic grocery store where patrons shuffle along the aisles selecting items from the shelves.

59 CLOSE SHOT - CHECK-OUT COUNTER

Waiting in line with a shopping cart filled with assorted groceries, is Bill. An argument ensues between the CUSTOMER in front of him and the CASHIER.

CUSTOMER
I gave you a twenty.

CASHIER
Lady, you gave me a ten. Here it is on top of the pile.

CUSTOMER
I'm calling the police.

Bill glances up at the convex mirror above the Cashier.

60 CLOSE SHOT - CONVEX MIRROR

In the mirror we SEE the Cashier and the Customer arguing.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

Their arms flail weirdly in the mirror's convexity.

CASHIER
Call the police. I'm not responsible for your mistakes...

Suddenly in the imperfections of the mirror Hoover appears next to Bill, subtly and slowly, over Bill's shoulder, his hand, bearing a package, moving to Bill's cart. CAMERA ZOOMS IN on Bill as he sees Hoover's distorted visage in the mirror.

61 CLOSE SHOT

Bill wheels about and grabs a BEARDED MAN immediately behind him who is not Hoover. The Man recoils in fright.

BEARDED MAN
Hey! What's the matter with you!

Bill darts past the Bearded Man and races around the aisle, knocking a display of Corn Flakes over.

62 MED. SHOT - BILL

Murder in his eye, Bill races up a tall aisle of canned goods to the far end.

63 ANGLE - BILL

Springing around the corner of the aisle, Bill comes to a sudden, panting halt and stares hard ahead.

64 BILL'S POV - TWO ELDERLY WOMEN

The aisle is deserted but for two elderly women who gaze at Bill in alarm.

65 BACK TO SCENE

Unnerved, Bill gazes down the aisle with an expression that is now puzzled and doubtful.

66 INT. TEMPLETON APARTMENT - CLOSE SHOT - PURSE - NIGHT

It is a lovely purse made of blue satin and featuring an exquisite Fragonard painting of couples cavorting among the swings and courtyards and fountains of 18th Century France.

67 MED. SHOT

Unwrapped from its ribbons and paper, the purse lies amidst the groceries on the kitchen table.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

Ivy stares at it with rapture, then picks it up. The CAMERA TRACKS her INTO the living room to Bill, who is sipping scotch at the large window, gazing morosely out.

IVY
(ecstatic)
It's so beautiful!

Bill turns.

BILL
What?

Ivy runs to Bill and embraces him.

IVY
You're the sweetest Daddy in the world!

Bill takes the purse from Ivy and examines it, with confusion.

BILL
Where did you find it?

IVY
(smiles knowingly)
On top of the pork chops, where you put it.

She laughs with delight. Bill's face creases with worry.

68 MED. SHOT - JANICE
appearing and approaching them.

JANICE
What's going on?

IVY
Daddy bought me a purse. I found the package in the groceries with my name on it. See.

Ivy takes the purse from Bill and hands it to Janice.

JANICE
Why, it's beautiful, Bill. How thoughtful...

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

BILL
(uneasily)
-- Yeah...

69 MED. SHOT - JANICE

Smiling, she looks up at Bill.

IVY'S VOICE
... It's just like we are in this apartment. It's like the paintings in the ceiling. It's perfect and I love it...

70 CLOSE SHOT - BILL

staring at the purse, his expression is haunted.

71 CLOSE SHOT - JANICE

Seeing the guilty look on Bill's face, the truth dawns on Janice.

JANICE'S VOICE *
(dully)
You didn't buy the purse.

72 INT. TEMPLETON BEDROOM - CLOSE SHOT - BILL - NIGHT

lying in bed in the darkened room, staring upward.

BILL
No.

73 WIDEN ANGLE TO INCLUDE JANICE

in bed by his side. There is fear in her eyes and tension in her voice. They speak in hushed whispers.

JANICE
He did.
(she looks at Bill)
The man.

Now Bill looks at Janice, deeply puzzled.

BILL
How long have you known about him?

JANICE
He comes to the school each afternoon.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

BILL
In the mornings, too.

JANICE
He's going to harm us.

BILL
I don't know.

JANICE
It's Ivy he's after, Bill.

BILL
Why do you say that?

JANICE
The way he looks at her. And he called this morning to see how she was. And now that purse.

There is a space of silence. A shiver passes through Janice.

JANICE
(continuing)
Let's call the police.

BILL
I went to them.
(ruefully)
There's nothing they can do unless he draws blood.

Silence, then softly...

JANICE
Oh, God. What does he want?

BILL
I don't know.

74 CLOSE SHOT - THEIR HANDS

grope for each other, and clasp tightly.

75 INT. IVY'S BEDROOM - CLOSE SHOT - IVY - NIGHT

Awake, Ivy's eyes reflect the glimmers in her room. Her eyes appear intensely knowledgeable and strange in the half-light. A blast of WIND causes the panes to RATTLE.

76 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE TEMPLETON APARTMENT - CLOSE SHOT - DAY

A bundle of mail is dropped at the Templetons' door. Ernie's finger presses the buzzer twice. As his FOOTSTEPS FADE off, the door opens and Janice, in slacks and pullover, picks up the mail.

77 INT. TEMPLETON APARTMENT - FULL SHOT - DAY

Locking and bolting the door, Janice peruses the mail as she walks into the kitchen, where she pauses suddenly and frowns in puzzlement at the sight of a particular envelope.

78 INSERT - ENVELOPE

The name "William Pierce Templeton" and the address below it is written in small, even script. There is no return address.

79 CLOSER ANGLE - JANICE

She moves to the window and holds the envelope up to the light in order to judge its contents. Her brow is furrowed, her expression quizzical. At last she reaches a decision, tears open the envelope and removes a slip of paper bearing a column of tightly-set print. Janice reads it with a look of mounting dread.

80 INSERT - CLIPPING

from "Who's Who In America." The fine print is barely legible.

BILL'S VOICE
(puzzled)
-- A clipping from 'Who's Who...'

81 INT. RATTAZZI'S RESTAURANT - MED. SHOT - DAY

Bill and Janice, seated at a corner table in the noisy room. Janice's tense face is concentrated on Bill as he strains to read the tiny print on the slip of paper.

BILL
Hoover, Elliot...
(grins)
... middle name: Suggins...

JANICE
(does not share his mirth)
He knew your middle name was Pierce.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

Bill flashes her a quick look.

JANICE
(continuing)
-- And you're not even in 'Who's Who.'

Bill's face clouds. His eyes return to the printed slip.

BILL
Corporation executive. Born, Pittsburgh, January 26, 1936. Student, New College, Oxford, England, 1959. Married Sylvia Flora, May 5, 1960. Children, Audrey Rose. Vice-president in charge of raw material, Susquehana Steel Corp. Writer, lecturer on personnel administration...

Bill glances at Janice with a look that is deeply quizzical, as if to say: "What's this got to do with us?"

JANICE
Take it to the police.

BILL
It's not enough. All it tells us is a couple of facts about his life. We can't even prove he sent it.

JANICE
Then what are you going to do?

BILL
I'll tell you. The next time I see that son-of-a-bitch I'm gonna grab him and find out what the hell this is all about.

JANICE
(worriedly)
Bill, be careful.

Bill reaches out for her hand.

BILL
(with concern)
You be careful, darling. If he bothers you at school today, call a cop.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (2)

Their hands clasp as CAMERA MOVES into a CLOSE SHOT.

CUT TO:

82 EXT. CITY STREET - CLOSE SHOT - TWO HANDS - DAY

BLURRED, DISTORTED, grasping each other tensely in combative struggle. The strident SOUNDS of CAR HORNS and guttural obscenities charge the atmosphere.

MEN'S VOICES
-- Bastard -- !
-- You pulled into me, shitbrain -- !
-- Where's your head? Up your ass -- !
-- I'll kill ya -- !

The SCENE comes into FOCUS and we SEE TWO MEN, a bus driver and a cab driver struggling to get at each other, but being held apart by a POLICEMAN. In their b.g. stand curious pedestrians. The afternoon has turned gray.

1ST POLICEMAN
Okay, take it easy or I'll pull you both in --

83 EXT. CITY STREET - CLOSE SHOT - JANICE - DAY

sitting on the curb, leaning against a litter bin with the printed legend: USE ME PLEASE. Her hat is askew. There is a smudge on her cheek and her eyes are glazed as consciousness gradually returns. A 2ND POLICEMAN bends down to her.

2ND POLICEMAN
The ambulance'll be here soon, ma'am.

A look of fear enters Janice's eyes -- fear and confusion. She gazes up at:

84 HER POV - PEDESTRIANS

A GAUZY parade of faces mill past her WAVERINGLY.

2ND POLICEMAN'S VOICE
-- Keep it movin'! Give her air -- !

The face of a girl about Ivy's age comes slowly INTO FOCUS.

85 BACK TO SCENE

Janice's eyes widen in alarm.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

JANICE
Oh, my God! Ivy!

She struggles to her feet, consults her watch; her eyes cannot focus. She sways faintly. The 2nd Policeman grips her arm.

2ND POLICEMAN
Take it easy, ma'am.

JANICE
(stammers)
-- What time is it?

2ND POLICEMAN
(consults his watch)
Three-twenty.

JANICE
I've got to go!!

She starts to move, but the 2nd Policeman holds her back.

2ND POLICEMAN
Now you just take it easy --

Janice shakes her head and struggles to free herself.

JANICE
I've got to go now! Now!

2ND POLICEMAN
Well, if you think you'll be all right.

JANICE
I'll be fine, I'll be fine --

2ND POLICEMAN
(taking her arm)
Come, I'll get a cab for you.

As he leads her OUT OF FRAME.

86 EXT. ETHICAL CULTURE SCHOOL - LONG SHOT - DAY

the darkened day nearly obscuring the school's facade.

87 MED. SHOT

Janice hurries up the empty sidewalk, as her taxi pulls away.

88 LONG SHOT

ANGLE DOWN AT Janice as she climbs the steps. There is a glint of animal intensity in her eyes.

89 INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - FULL SHOT - OFFICE CLOCK - DAY

The old Hamilton clock on the office wall reads 3:48. CAMERA PANS from the office to the long deserted corridor. Janice, SEEN distantly in silhouette, trots TOWARDS CAMERA.

90 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT - JANICE

Panic in her eyes, she stops to peer through a door window.

91 HER POV - LONG SHOT - CLASSROOM

No one is in the classroom.

92 BACK TO SCENE

She turns and runs back toward the exit.

93 EXT. ETHICAL CULTURE SCHOOL - LONG SHOT - DAY

It has begun to rain as Janice descends the steps rapidly.

Two youngsters on skateboards cross her path as she runs to the curb and stops, looking at all the alternative ways that lead from the school, reacting upon seeing:

94 HER POV

a brief flash of blonde hair as a young girl hurries around the near corner to escape the rain, all of which, SEEN through the gray opaqueness, presents only the vaguest of impressions.

95 BACK TO SCENE

However, it is enough for Janice, and with a cry:

JANICE
-- Ivy! --

She plunges down the street in pursuit of the fleeing figure.

96 ANGLE - SIDE STREET

As Janice turns the corner, she comes to a sudden stop in a BIG CLOSE, and stares hard ahead.

97 HER POV - SIDE STREET

totally barren of people, save for the movement of a young girl's figure halfway down the street as she disappears around a huge mound of uncollected garbage.

98 MED. TRUCKING SHOT - JANICE

Her eyes brighten, and her lips form the word, "Ivy," as she moves forward, walking, then running in the falling rain.

99 EXT. ALLEYWAY - LONG SHOT - JANICE - DAY

a narrow space between two tall buildings, clogged with uncollected trash, bundles, bags, and cans, sitting sodden in the rain. Arriving at the head of the alleyway, Janice comes to another quick stop. CAMERA QUICK PANS AROUND to the foot of the alleyway to a door marked "SUPERINTENDENT" slowly closing.

100 CLOSE SHOT - JANICE

There is doubt in her eyes as she steps tentatively down the alleyway, past mountains of stacked garbage, toward the door.

JANICE
(hesitantly)
-- Ivy? --
(then, shouting)
-- Ivy! It's mother!

HOOVER'S VOICE
Ivy is at home. I helped her cross the streets. She's waiting for you in the lobby.

The voice speaks at Janice's side. Her face, like stone, refuses to turn and acknowledge the soft, insinuating voice.

HOOVER'S VOICE
(continuing)
Here. You dropped this up the street.

Janice's purse ENTERS FRAME, below and to the left of her. Hesitantly her hand reaches out and accepts the purse. Then Janice turns and woodenly begins to walk back toward the street. CAMERA FOLLOWS her, HOLDING her CLOSE.

HOOVER'S VOICE
(continuing)
We must talk. I'm certain now and we must talk.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

Suddenly Hoover's hand ENTERS FRAME and touches her shoulder lightly. Janice flinches and stops.

101 REVERSE MED. SHOT - JANICE AND HOOVER

He is standing directly behind her, his hand on her shoulder.

JANICE
(softly)
Who are you? What do you want?

HOOVER
Tell your husband that I'll call him. This evening.

Janice breaks away, leaving Hoover watching after her nervously, but with great, overriding impatience.

102 INT. TEMPLETON APARTMENT - CLOSE SHOT - DAY

Ivy's stricken face quivers violently in rhythm to Janice's fury as Janice shakes the sobbing child and shouts:

JANICE
You do not leave school without me!
You do not go off with strangers!
You sit in the office and wait for me! And wait! And wait! And wait!
Do you understand me!

IVY
(sobbing)
Yes, yes! Mom, you're hurting me!

Janice quickly lets go of Ivy's arms, appalled at her own cruelty. In a small, stunned voice;

JANICE
Oh, God. Oh, God.

And quickly bending down, she gathers her sobbing child into her arms, and herself in tears, softly begs:

JANICE
(continuing)
I'm sorry, I'm sorry, baby.
Forgive me... I didn't mean it...

And so they remain, clinging desperately to one another in an effort to assuage each other's fears and hurts.

103 INT. TEMPLETON APARTMENT - PHOTO ON WRITING TABLE - NIGHT

A photo that Janice took of Bill and Ivy, smiling and joyous, occupies a place of honor on the French writing table. A telephone rests ominously in silence in the f.g. CAMERA PANS AROUND to Janice, sitting in her rocking chair, watching the telephone. CAMERA MOVES PAST her to Bill in the b.g. at the Hi-Fi, busying himself with the complex of the system. In their silence there is tension, as they wait for the phone to ring.

104 CLOSE - TELEPHONE

It RINGS.

105 CLOSE SHOT - JANICE

She stiffens slightly, but makes no move to answer it.

106 MED. SHOT - BILL

Bill rises from his work and crosses to the telephone with deliberate slowness. He picks up the receiver. He waits without speaking.

HOOVER'S VOICE
Mr. Templeton?

BILL
Yes?

HOOVER'S VOICE
My name is Elliot Hoover.

BILL
Yes.

Janice has approached Bill and now shares the receiver with him.

HOOVER'S VOICE
We must talk.

BILL
Why? What do you want? Why are you bothering us?

HOOVER'S VOICE
It's important. May I come to your home?

BILL
(after a beat)
No. My office. Tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

HOOVER'S VOICE
We should talk right away. I'd also like Mrs. Templeton to be present. We could meet around the corner at Guidos.

BILL
Impossible. We can't leave our child alone.

HOOVER'S VOICE
Carole Rothman might be willing to sit with Ivy for an hour or so.

Bill and Janice look at each other in surprise at the depth of Hoover's knowledge of their lives.

BILL
(at length)
I'll see...

HOOVER'S VOICE
Say, nine-thirty?

BILL
I'll see.

Bill hangs up the phone. He and Janice exchange a long, somewhat desperate look.

JANICE
Call the police.

BILL
Not until I find out what the hell this is all about.

107 INT. GUIDO'S RESTAURANT - MED. TRACKING SHOT - NIGHT

Both meticulously dressed and steeled for the worst, Bill leads Janice through the dark, elegant restaurant. Janice is less able to hide her tension than Bill.

CAMERA TRACKS WITH them as they make their way among the waiters and patrons, their eyes constantly roving in search of the familiar face with beard and mustache.

108 THEIR TRACKING POV

No one resembling Elliot Hoover is to be seen.

109 CLOSE SHOT - JANICE AND BILL

In Bill there is a sense of let-down. In Janice there is a heightened nervousness.

HOOVER'S VOICE
Mr. Templeton? Mrs. Templeton?

The CAMERA PANS FROM their apprehensive faces TO Hoover, a lone figure in shadows at the end of the bar. He slides from the stool hesitantly, yet there is always a reserve of strange authority in everything he does, even if, as now, he is also nervous. Hoover advances from the shadowy area until his face is clearly REVEALED, clean-shaven now. In the soft light, he seems almost boyish. He smiles.

HOOVER
(continuing)
There's a quiet table in the corner.

110 MED. FULL SHOT

Bill tenses; exercising great control. There is a momentary impasse. Then Hoover leads the way. Bill and Janice follow.

111 FULL SHOT - AT TABLE

There is a moment of strained silence as they sit at the table, Hoover looking down, almost shyly, then up at Bill and Janice opposite. Resolute, Bill stares darkly at Hoover. Hoover leans forward. He speaks in a simple, direct voice.

HOOVER
I want to thank you both for seeing me.

The barmaid arrives, MARIE, young and pretty.

MARIE
Would you care for something, Mrs. Templeton?

JANICE
No.

BILL
(eyes on Hoover)
Scotch and water, Marie.

HOOVER
Tea. Chinese Gunpowder.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

MARIE
I'll see if we have some.

Marie leaves. Hoover turns back to Bill and Janice and smiles. But Bill is staring back at him with curiosity.

BILL
For the past two weeks a man with a beard has been bugging my family. Is that man you?

HOOVER
(sheepishly)
I... apologize for that. But... all the subterfuge, the disguise were necessary before this meeting could take place. I had to be sure...

BILL
Of what?

HOOVER
Things had to be... right before we met. It's taken a long time... seven years of travel, investigation and study.

BILL
What the hell are you talking about?

HOOVER
It will all be clear... But you must understand so many things, so many complex things first.

112 CLOSE SHOT - BILL AND JANICE'S HANDS

Janice's hand tightens in Bill's.

HOOVER'S VOICE
(continuing)
... Ten years ago, I was a very happy man... I had a family -- a wonderful wife -- a lovely daughter.

113 CLOSE SHOT - HOOVER

His face expresses an overwhelming sadness. He takes out his wallet, removes a snapshot, and hands it over to the Templetons. Bill and Janice study the photograph of:

114 INSERT - PHOTOGRAPH OF AUDREY ROSE

A girl of five with dark hair and a sweet, sensitive face.

HOOVER'S VOICE
Her name was... Audrey Rose. She was five.

115 FULL SHOT

Bill hands back the photograph. Hoover replaces it in the wallet as he continues:

HOOVER
Everything that was good seemed to shine from her eyes. Then... there was an accident.

CAMERA MOVES IN on Hoover as he relives the moment.

HOOVER
(continuing)
My wife and daughter were returning from Harrisburg. There was a storm ... their car went off the road. It was very quick, very sudden...
(returns to present)
... The loss of my wife, my daughter was unbearable. I -- I lived in a void. I felt no purpose to life. I don't know how I existed.
(his eyes brighten)
And then, one day, I had this distinct feeling that Audrey Rose was near me.

116 FULL SHOT

Marie has arrived with their order and sets it before them.

MARIE
(to Hoover)
They didn't have Chinese Gunpowder. I brought you Formosa Oolong.

HOOVER
That'll be fine.

As Hoover pours his tea, Bill sips his drink.

BILL
I still do not understand what you are saying, or why you are saying it to us.

117 CLOSE SHOT - HOOVER

HOOVER
Patience. Please.
(sips his tea)
About a year after the accident, a friend took me to a dinner party. One of the guests was a psychic.
(reliving the moment)
She told me everything I had done since I was a boy. She was very good. A good performer, I thought. And then she began to talk about my daughter, Audrey Rose. I asked her to stop, but she wouldn't. I remember... I began to cry... I couldn't help it. Then she leaned over and asked why I was crying.
(his voice falters)
I told her my wife and daughter were dead. She said, no. My wife was at peace, but my daughter was alive.

There is a sudden CLATTER.

118 FULL SHOT - TO INCLUDE ALL

Hoover has dropped his teacup. A busboy hurries to mop the table. Hoover fights to regain his poise.

HOOVER
I'm sorry...

Janice watches him with fear. Bill, however, seems more relaxed.

HOOVER
(continuing)
I thought it was a poor joke. I couldn't believe anybody could be so cruel. And then a few months later...

119 CLOSE SHOT - HOOVER

CAMERA EDGES IN on him as he reconstructs the event.

HOOVER
I happened to be in New York on a business trip. One night I was passing Town Hall, and saw on the marquee: 'Erik Lloyd, Clairvoyant.' It was more than curiosity that made me go in. It was an overpowering compulsion.

120 MED. SHOT - BILL AND JANICE

Bill sneaks a glance at Janice. Her eyes are riveted on Hoover, reflecting the awe and uncertainty of a scientist on the brink of a fearful discovery.

HOOVER'S VOICE
After the lecture, as I was leaving the hall, Erik Lloyd pointed his finger at me and indicated that he wanted me to wait.

121 CLOSE SHOT - HOOVER

HOOVER
Later, in his dressing room, he told me that an aura, surrounding me, had first caught his attention when I entered the hall.

122 WIDER ANGLE - TO INCLUDE BILL AND JANICE

BILL
A what?

HOOVER
An aura. A halo of light that emanates from certain people -- stronger in people who are involved in some psychic phenomenon -- it can only be seen by a specially attuned consciousness.

BILL
Oh.

123 CLOSE SHOT - HOOVER

His concentration is once again fixed on the past.

HOOVER
Like the woman at the party, he told me very accurate things about my daughter, describing her as if she were alive... giving me details of the home she lived in; an apartment in New York City that had a lovely ceiling with classic paintings set into it... and the room in which she slept...

124 INT. IVY'S BEDROOM - IVY - NIGHT

The CAMERA IS ON the window, partially open, and the wind gently billowing in the pale yellow curtains...

HOOVER'S VOICE
... the yellow curtains...

The CAMERA MOVES PAST a bright terrycloth bedspread neatly folded at the end of the bed...

HOOVER'S VOICE
(continuing)
... the bright, terrycloth bedspread...

The CAMERA MOVES PAST a shelf of stuffed animals, featuring a giant panda.

HOOVER'S VOICE
(continuing)
... the shelf of stuffed animals with a big panda on top...

The CAMERA MOVES to Ivy in bed, as she moans lightly, caught in a bad dream.

HOOVER'S VOICE
(continuing)
She had come back, he said.

125 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Hoover wipes the perspiration from his forehead. His eyes are filled with a strange power, an immense and unearthly authority.

126 MED. SHOT - BILL AND JANICE

Janice's eyes are wide and fearful for what Hoover is about to say. Bill finishes his drink.

BILL
She had come back how?

127 CLOSE SHOT - HOOVER

Staring hard at them, he speaks calmly.

HOOVER
Ivy is Audrey. She is my daughter, reincarnated.

128 MED. FULL SHOT - TO INCLUDE ALL

Bill and Janice look at each other, are silent a moment. Then Bill leans forward and, with a sense of relief, speaks:

BILL
Well, Mr. Hoover, I can understand what a blow your daughter's death must have been and how hard it was to accept, but -- reincarnation? I mean... I don't know what to say...

HOOVER
There's no mistake, Mr. Templeton.

BILL
Well, you have the right to believe what you want, but please do not try to involve my family...

Marie comes to their table somewhat hurriedly. There is tension in her voice.

MARIE
You're wanted on the phone, Mr. Templeton.

Seeing the look on Marie's face, Bill rises and moves off quickly. Janice hesitates momentarily, then follows him. Hoover has remained seated. Now he too rises, his expression taut with concern.

129 INT. CLOAK ROOM - NIGHT

Bill holds the phone as Janice stands anxiously by.

BILL
Okay, Carole, we'll be right there.

Bill hangs up and quickly walks toward the foyer.

JANICE
(following him)
What is it...?

BILL
Another nightmare.

The lines of tension on Janice's face increase.

130 INT. RESTAURANT FOYER - TRACKING - NIGHT

with Bill and Janice as they hurry across the foyer to the door. Hoover suddenly appears behind Bill and Janice.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED:

HOOVER
Mr. Templeton, we haven't finished...

Bill swings around at him with a face that is tense but a voice that is carefully controlled.

BILL
Yes, Mr. Hoover, we have finished. We've listened to your story and we're very sorry for you. But I want you to leave us alone now. Don't follow us. Don't phone us. Your problem is not our problem.

Taking Janice's arm, Bill turns and steers her through the door and out into the night.

131 CLOSE SHOT - HOOVER

His intense eyes track the Templetons through the decorative glass of the front doorway.

132 INT. IVY'S BEDROOM - CLOSE SHOT - IVY - NIGHT

As distant SIRENS HOWL through the lonely alleys, Ivy moans softly, turning her head now and then, or opening her eyes to look up, and then closing them again.

133 MED. SHOT - BILL, JANICE AND CAROLE

They enter the bedroom and Janice sits down on the edge of the bed while Bill remains standing, gazing grimly down at Ivy, who begins to moan. Janice feels her forehead; shakes her gently.

JANICE
Darling, it's Mommy...

IVY
(locked in her dream)
... ddd... daddydaddy...

Bill sits on the other side of the bed; strokes Ivy's face.

BILL
Wake up, baby...

Janice watches in a kind of fearful awe.

IVY
(moans escalating)
... Daddydaddydaddy...

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED:

Bill's eyes are glued to Ivy's anguished face. Then Ivy opens her eyes. They are wild and strangely bright. She looks at her father intently and with confusion as she pulls herself out of sleep. Then she smiles wanly.

IVY
(continuing; sleepily)
Hi, Daddy. What are you doing here...?

The lines of Bill's face soften. He takes her hands in his.

BILL
Just came to kiss my princess good night.

Ivy places her arms around his neck and hugs him to her.

134 CLOSE SHOT

Janice rises, her face traumatized with fear and anguish for all she has seen and heard on this weird and lunatic night. Carole, in her b.g., is totally mystified.

IVY'S VOICE
(sleepily)
I'm glad you're here...

BILL'S VOICE
I'll always be here, darling...

135 INT. TEMPLETON APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bill stands alone in the center of the room, weary and fatigued, drinking a cup of coffee.

JANICE'S VOICE
... thanks for everything, Carole. I'll call you tomorrow.

In a moment Janice enters through the archway and approaches Bill. Her expression is one of real concern.

JANICE
(continuing)
The nightmares, Bill. Twice in one week.

BILL
Take her to see Dr. Kaplan tomorrow. See what he recommends.

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED:

Janice sighs in anguish. Bill puts down his cup and takes her gently into his arms.

BILL
(continuing)
Come on, honey, let's not panic. You know the pattern -- they come and they go. Let's wait and see what Kaplan says.

Bill's tenderness momentarily calms Janice, but fear returns as another thought assails her.

JANICE
What about Elliot Hoover?

BILL
(wearily)
Oh... The man's a fanatic, a weirdo; the city's full of them.

JANICE
What if he isn't a weirdo?

BILL
(incredulously)
You believe his story?

JANICE
He believes it. That's the point. He believes what he said sincerely. I could tell by the way he looked...

136 ANGLE

The TELEPHONE RINGS. Bill and Janice exchange fleeting looks, then Bill walks to the desk and picks up the receiver.

BILL
Yes?

HOOVER'S VOICE
Mr. Templeton -- it's Elliot Hoover...

BILL
(angrily)
Look, Hoover, I've had enough for one night. Leave us alone or I'll take steps to see that you do! Understand?!

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED:

He hangs up brusquely and tenses visibly; strives to control his emotions. Janice places a calming hand on his arm. Bill looks at her; shakes his head in a weary, nonplussed way.

137 INT. RATAZZI'S RESTAURANT - CLOSE SHOT - DAY

The restaurant is packed and noisy. Bill and Russ sit across from each other at a small, candle-lit table. Russ is demolishing a platter of fettuccine. Bill toys with his scampi.

RUSS
I don't know if he's an extortionist, or a nut, as you say, or a man who believes this to be so. We're talking about an area that a lot of people don't know anything about.
(his eyes soften with memory)
You know, when I was a boy, every Shabbes after the supper we used to sit around the table and listen to my grandfather tell stories about the Dybbuk -- an evil spirit who could come and invade bodies...

BILL
(nettled)
What's that got to do with this?

RUSS
(shrugs)
Simply that every religion has its mysteries.

BILL
You really believe that stuff?

RUSS
I only know that on Friday nights when the candles were lit and my grandfather spoke of the Dybbuk, we all believed. He scared hell out of us.

Russ sighs wistfully, then forking more fettuccine, returns to the present problem.

RUSS
(continuing)
A question: did this Hoover make any demands upon you?

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

BILL
No. But that's not saying he won't. Russ, we're being primed for some kind of shakedown.

Russ considers this as he finishes swallowing his food.

RUSS
Is it possible to contact him?

BILL
It's impossible to avoid him. He's been calling my office all morning.

RUSS
Good. I want you to invite him to your home.

BILL
You've got to be kidding. I'm not letting that lunatic into my house --

RUSS
Bill, I'm your lawyer. I need to know what he's all about, what he's after. Extortion? Blackmail? Ivy? Sit him down and drag this out very specifically from him. I'll write out the questions. You memorize them and ask them. And, Bill...
(with a dramatic flourish)
... I'll be there; I'll be your witness...

138 EXT. DES ARTISTES - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

The CAMERA ANGLES UPWARD at the facade of tall windows glowing and pulsating in the moonless night.

139 INT. TEMPLETON APARTMENT - CLOSE SHOT - CEILING - NIGHT

The cavorting couples look down from their paneled paintings.

140 CLOSE SHOT - HOOVER

standing in the center of the living room, coat in hand, gazing up at the ceiling in rapture and wonder.

HOOVER
Incredible...

141 LONG SHOT

Standing by the couch are Bill and Janice. Janice's face is pale and drawn. Bill covers his nervousness by his assumed confidence. Hoover's eyes continue to study the room.

HOOVER
It's exactly as Erik Lloyd described it... the white stuccoed walls... the ceiling paintings... the staircase, with Viking-head newel post...
(looking upward)
... the bedrooms... upstairs...

142 INT. UPPER HALLWAY - LONG SHOT - RUSS

Russ stands in a shadow close to the staircase, eavesdropping on the conversation O.S. In the b.g. at the end of the hallway is the closed door to Ivy's bedroom.

HOOVER'S VOICE
... three of them... Ivy's room at the far end of the hallway...

143 INT. LIVING ROOM - FULL SHOT

Hoover turns to Bill and smiles.

HOOVER
Am I right...?

BILL
Have a seat, Mr. Hoover.

HOOVER
Certainly.

CAMERA TRACKS with Hoover as he places his coat on a chair and walks to the couch. He looks at Janice, politely waiting for her to sit first. She does so mechanically. Hoover then sits. Bill commences speaking as he ambles over to his chair opposite Hoover. His questions seem formal and rehearsed.

BILL
You said that a couple of psychics told you that your daughter had come back to life. Is that right?

HOOVER
Yes. That's correct.

BILL
Do you know the present whereabouts of these two psychics?

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED:

HOOVER
I never did know the woman's name. Erik Lloyd died three years ago.

BILL
Uh-huh. That's too bad. So there's nobody around who would remember having said all this to you?

HOOVER
No.

BILL
Well, why didn't you contact us back then?

HOOVER
At the time, Mr. Templeton, I was a scoffer and disbeliever, as you are now. It took many years of seeking and searching to be convinced of the truth.

BILL
I see. And where did you spend those years seeking and searching for the truth?

HOOVER
In India. I learned of a way of life that was totally alien to mine...

144 INT. UPPER HALLWAY - RUSS

making occasional notes of what he is overhearing.

HOOVER'S VOICE
... and, in time, with the help and wisdom of simple people, came to know the reality of their religious convictions, and to know the truth of reincarnation.

The CAMERA ZOOMS PAST Russ TO Ivy's door in the shadowy recesses of the hallway. The doorknob turns slowly.

145 INT. LIVING ROOM - FULL SHOT

Hoover sits deeply relaxed, confident.

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED:

BILL
Mr. Hoover, there are twelve million people in this city; how did we become the beneficiaries of your search?

HOOVER
A process of elimination. According to Erik Lloyd, she lived in New York City -- in a lovely apartment, exactly like this one, and...

BILL
(a cynical smile)
Go on.

There is a long silence before Hoover drops his bombshell.

HOOVER
Audrey Rose died... October seventh, nineteen sixty-six.

146 CLOSE SHOT - JANICE

She flinches at the mention of this date.

147 CLOSE SHOT - BILL

The smile remains fixed on his face, but his eyes betray shock. Then, with a light laugh:

BILL
Well, you certainly did your homework on us. That's Ivy's birthday.

148 CLOSE SHOT - HOOVER

His eyes meet Janice's.

HOOVER
Audrey died at eight-twenty-five in the morning.

149 CLOSE SHOT - JANICE

Her face is like alabaster; her voice distant, hollow.

JANICE
Ivy was born at eight-thirty-two.

150 INT. UPPER HALLWAY - LONG SHOT

Russ, in the f.g., makes a notation of the date and times in his notebook. He does not know that the door to Ivy's bedroom is swinging silently open behind him and on the threshold stands the child, a wraith in silhouette. Russ, absorbed in the continuing conversation below, is totally unaware that she is slowly stealing toward him. At this point we do not see her face, as the silhouette persists until she arrives at the center of the hallway.

BILL'S VOICE
(nervous laughter)
Just like that, huh? Dead one minute, back to life the next? Isn't that a little unusual?

HOOVER'S VOICE
There are many schools of thought as to the precise moment that the soul unites with the body, Mr. Templeton. In Tibet it is believed that each Dalai Lama is reincarnated at the very instant of his death.

Russ makes a face; the man is a bona fide crazy.

151 INT. LIVING ROOM - MED. SHOT

Bill has trouble maintaining his cool.

BILL
Well, what is it you want?

HOOVER
Nothing more or less than you and your wife are prepared to give me.

BILL
What the hell does that mean?

HOOVER
I'd just like the chance to see Ivy occasionally; to watch her grow; to be of help, if needed. I -- She would never have to know about Audrey...

152 INT. UPPER HALLWAY - LONG SHOT

CAMERA ZOOMS PAST Russ as Ivy steps under the center light and her face is SEEN. Her eyes blaze out of a pale face. She screams a horror-stricken scream.

153 ANGLE - RUSS

He drops his notebook and spins around in shock and fright.

154 INT. LIVING ROOM - TOP ANGLE

Bill, Janice and Hoover jump to their feet and gaze upward.

JANICE
Ivy...!

Bill and Janice bolt for the staircase. Hoover remains rooted, gazing upward.

155 INT. UPPER HALLWAY - FULL SHOT

Russ stares aghast at Ivy as she turns and, screaming, runs back into the bedroom. There is a CRASH of something heavy falling. Shaken, Russ moves toward the bedroom.

156 ANGLE

CAMERA PANS WITH Bill and Janice as they race up the stairs.

IVY'S VOICE
(a terrified babble)
Hothothot... mommydaddy mommydaddy...
hothothot...
[continuing throughout]

157 CLOSE SHOT

CAMERA TRACKS VERY FAST BEHIND Bill and Janice as they run to Russ standing at the doorway of the bedroom. Beyond the door frame, a motion of white can be DISCERNED in the darkness. Bill, Janice and Russ remain standing on the threshold.

158 INT. IVY'S BEDROOM

Ivy flits around the bedroom, her eyes shining wildly. Her feverish face is swept with a thousand nighttime terrors as she flies around the small, cluttered room, dancing in random disorder. She knocks into chairs, lamps, desk, climbs over fallen furniture, seeking something desperately. Her voice is a mouse-like weeping of unutterable and helpless anguish as she moves about self-destructively, crashing into objects.

159 MED. SHOT - BILL, RUSS AND JANICE

They watch in shock. Bill tries to choke out her name.

BILL
Ivy...! Baby...!

160 CLOSE SHOT - IVY

But Ivy is gone into delirium. She fights blindly against the fallen furniture, lamps, and bed sheets obstructing her path; gets to the tall window. Her hands reach out for the glass, then draw back suddenly, as if the glass were molten lava, weeping, crying, mewling:

IVY
... hothothothot... daddydaddydaddy
... hothothot...

161 CLOSE SHOT - BILL

His lips are tightened. His eyes are wet, uncomprehending.

162 EXT. OUTSIDE THE WINDOW - NIGHT

STREET SOUNDS, raucous, form the background to Ivy's tortured figure, weeping and gesturing futilely at the window with her hands, reaching for the glass, then drawing away as if in pain. Then, in desperation, she throws her outstretched palms on the glass and recoils in sudden agony.

163 INT. IVY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ivy turns, screaming, holding up her hands. They are reddening before our eyes, and blisters are forming.

IVY
HOTHOTHOTHOTHOTHOT, DADDYDADDYDADDY...
[continuing]

164 CLOSE SHOT - BILL, JANICE AND RUSS

Janice shakes her head incredulously; Bill swallows, steps forward.

165 MED. SHOT - BILL AND IVY

Bill steps over the strewn furniture. His daughter licks her hands, mewling in pain, dances to the windows and recommences her plaintive gesturings at the forbidding glass.

IVY
... hothothothotdaddydaddydaddy...

Bill reaches out to her.

BILL
Here, darling! Daddy's here!

(CONTINUED)

165 CONTINUED:

His hands about to touch her, Ivy screams and sidesteps away from his grasp. Bill follows her, throwing the overturned furniture out of the way, clearing a path to his daughter. Ivy's eyes are wild, crazed. The CAMERA TRACKS them as Bill tries to catch his elusive daughter, without success.

166 CLOSE SHOT - HOOVER

standing in the doorway, his anguished face staring incredulously at the tormented child, trying to define the meaning of her terrible hallucination. Then a look of inexpressible sadness sweeps across his face, and he softly utters...

HOOVER
My God...

He takes a step into the room, his expression becoming stern and purposeful, and shouts with authority...

HOOVER
(continuing)
Audrey Rose...!

167 CLOSE SHOT - BILL

who turns as suddenly as though a wire had jerked his head. He stares at Hoover.

168 CLOSE SHOT - HOOVER

His eyes are piercing, flashing, yet they begin to cover with warm tears. And in a softer, yet commanding tone...

HOOVER
Audrey Rose! I'm here, Audrey! Here!

169 CLOSE SHOT - JANICE

can only stare in disbelief at the scene.

170 CLOSE SHOT - IVY

Her lament eases somewhat as her eyes focus on Hoover.

HOOVER'S VOICE
Over here, Audrey! It's Daddy!

Great confusion as well as fear shows in Ivy's eyes.

(CONTINUED)

170 CONTINUED:

HOOVER'S VOICE
(continuing)
Yes, Audrey! This way, darling!

Slowly, the anguish and panic drain from Ivy's face and the feverish intensity of her words relaxes, becomes questioning.

IVY
Daddy, Daddy, Daddy...?

HOOVER'S VOICE
Yes, Daddy! Come, Audrey! Come!

With a smile that seems to answer him, she scampers forward, and tumbles into Hoover's arms.

HOOVER
(embracing her closely)
... Audrey...

IVY
(barely audible)
... Daddy, Daddy, Daddy...

Peace slowly enters Ivy's pain-wracked face. She turns her head into Hoover's chest and is deeply asleep.

171 CLOSE SHOT - JANICE

staring, her whole being absorbed in the anxiety and tenderness before her.

172 CLOSE SHOT - RUSS

studying the scene critically, not sure what to make of it.

173 CLOSE SHOT - BILL

He is a man in a trance, his face pale, his eyes wet.

174 CLOSE SHOT - HOOVER AND IVY

Holding the sleeping child in tight embrace, Hoover gazes up at the others. There are tears in his eyes.

HOOVER
(starkly)
It was the accident. There was a fire... the car windows were closed ... she couldn't get them open. There was no way of getting her out of the car.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

174 CONTINUED:

HOOVER (CONT'D)
I was told that it lasted for some minutes...

Hoover rises, lifting Ivy, and carries her to the bed. After gently lowering her to the bed, he turns. Bill leaps INTO FRAME with a fist crashing against Hoover's jaw.

175 LONG SHOT

Hoover falls against the wall, dazed, his mouth bloodied.

BILL
You bastard! You bastard!

Russ flings himself at Bill, holding him back.

RUSS
No, Bill! That's not the way!

Bill struggles to get at Hoover. Tears of rage well up.

BILL
I'll kill you! So help me God, I'll kill you!

Hoover shakes his head to clear it. Janice, fighting for composure, edges around to Ivy's bedside.

RUSS
(shouts at Hoover)
You'd better get out of here!

Hoover rises from the wall, makes his way around the debris in a daze, eyeing Bill, who lunges at him, to no avail.

HOOVER
I...

RUSS
(clings to Bill)
Get going!

HOOVER
Yes... yes, I'm going. T-There's a great deal I... must think about... so much...
(glancing at Janice)
... I'm sorry... I'm very sorry for ... all of us...

Hoover edges out the door.

176 CLOSE SHOT

Janice gazes down in shock and pity at her sleeping child.

JANICE
Bill -- her hands...!

177 WIDER ANGLE - TO INCLUDE BILL

He quickly kneels down before Ivy and, with great tenderness, examines her blistering fingers.

BILL
... The radiator... she burned them on the radiator... Call Dr. Kaplan...

Janice nods in a vague, mechanical way, as she backs away to the door. Ivy stirs softly in her sleep.

IVY
(barely audible)
... Daddy, Daddy, Daddy...

BILL
Yes, princess... it's Daddy...

178 EXT. DES ARTISTES - NIGHT

The rain gyrates weirdly, driven restlessly, irresistibly, by the WIND, which WHISTLES forlornly through the shafts and alleyways of the old building. CAMERA ZOOMS SLOWLY IN.

179 INT. TEMPLETON LIVING ROOM - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

Bill is standing by the window in the cheerless light of the wall sconces, gazing unseeing out at the driving rain. His face is gaunt and haggard.

180 TRACKING SHOT - RUSS

approaches Bill and places a confident hand on his arm.

RUSS
Get some sleep.

Bill turns to Russ. His voice seems to tremble.

BILL
He's crazy... he's crazy, isn't he?

RUSS
Tomorrow morning I'm going into court and get an injunction restraining him from bothering you and your family any further.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

180 CONTINUED:

RUSS (CONT'D)
I'll take care of him. You get some sleep.

Bill's face seems to relax slightly. Russ gives his arm a reassuring squeeze, winks, and departs. Bill gazes after Russ, as O.S. we HEAR the DOOR OPEN and CLOSE.

181 MED. SHOT - JANICE

slowly descends the staircase, wraithlike, her face stark and haunted. CAMERA PANS HER to Bill, where she almost collapses. He reaches out and gathers her to him.

JANICE
(brokenly)
What's going on? What's happening? What's happening to Ivy?

BILL
(doggedly)
She had a nightmare. She's had them before.

JANICE
Yes, and always around the same time -- around her birthday...

Bill turns away from her, but Janice presses her point.

JANICE
(continuing)
-- Two years ago -- they happened in October. And when she was six, remember, they came at the same time...

BILL
(edgy)
Please, Janice...

JANICE
How did she burn her hands?

BILL
The radiator --

JANICE
(shrilly)
The radiator was nowhere near that window!

Clutching her arms, Bill turns her to him.

(CONTINUED)

181 CONTINUED:

BILL
(forcefully)
Janice, what are you building? What on earth do you think you saw?

JANICE
-- I don't know...

BILL
It was a dark room. There was chaos, confusion. You saw our child stumbling about, crashing into things, caught in a terrible nightmare! That's what you saw!

JANICE
I saw her burn her hands on a cold window.

BILL
(his voice rising)
You <u>think</u> you saw that! You only <u>think</u> you saw that! Janice, <u>please</u>, come down to earth.

JANICE
(stunned)
Russ saw it too. I could tell by the look on his face.

182 ANGLE

Bill gathers her in his arms tenderly, and softly says:

BILL
Honey, it didn't happen. Believe me, it didn't happen...

JANICE
Oh, Bill -- It did. She burned her hands on a cold window...

Bill tenses momentarily. Then, gently, he forces her down to the couch and sits next to her. Deliberately, he picks up a match and strikes it.

BILL
(gently, as to a child)
Hot is hot, and cold is cold, Janice. If I hold my finger to this flame, it will burn and cause a blister.

(CONTINUED)

182 CONTINUED:

Bill holds his finger to the flame. Janice tries to stop him.

JANICE
Bill, don't.

Bill blows out the match and holds his reddening finger up.

BILL
See, it's getting red, as it should. For fire burns. And only fire. Do you believe that?

But Janice's entire attention is on Bill's finger, which she studies sadly and with a motherly, loving concern.

JANICE
I'll get some ointment.

Bill holds the finger to her lips. Gently, he says:

BILL
No. Just kiss it.

Janice kisses his finger, then looks into his eyes with such love, and with such a need for his understanding, that she embraces him tightly, more in desperation than passion. CAMERA MOVES INTO Janice's face, confused, troubled, frightened.

183 CLOSE SHOT - CEILING CARVINGS

The demon-heads look down upon them.

184 LONG SHOT - MANHATTAN VISTA - DAY

A light rain falls on the city, lending a gray opaqueness to it.

185 INT. TEMPLETON STUDY - CLOSE PANNING SHOT - LIBRARY BOOKS - DAY

stacked on the cocktail table. Among the titles that are recognizable are: "THE BHAGAVAD-GITA," "REINCARNATION AND THE LAWS OF KARMA" by William Atkinson, "HOSTAGE TO THE DEVIL" by Malachi Martin, and "TWENTY CASES SUGGESTIVE OF REINCARNATION" by Dr. Ian Stevenson. CAMERA PANS UP to a book in Janice's hands. It is "THE EXORCIST" by William Peter Blatty.

The TELEPHONE RINGS.

(CONTINUED)

185 CONTINUED:

Janice snaps the book shut in a sudden nervous gesture, revealing her face, which is tense and overwrought. She is curled up on the sofa. The window behind her discloses a dismal day. She lets the PHONE RING several times before gathering up the courage to pick up the receiver. And when she does, her expression turns to one of guilt as she quickly thrusts the book away from her.

JANICE
(with relief)
-- Bill?

186 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A shirt-sleeve meeting is in progress in the large walnut-paneled conference room at Simmons. In the f.g. is Bill, speaking into a telephone some distance from the others. In his b.g. we SEE and HEAR the indistinct VOICES of a half dozen men batting ideas back and forth.

BILL
(hushed)
Look, darling, I'm gonna be delayed here. We're locked up with a client...

187 INT. TEMPLETON APARTMENT - CLOSE ON JANET

She betrays a slight anxiety.

JANICE
Will you be home for dinner?

The CAMERA CUTS BETWEEN THEM.

BILL
No. We have to take him out for the full treatment. It could be late.
(then)
How's Ivy?

JANICE
Okay. Dr. Kaplan just left. He re-dressed her hands.

BILL
Did he say anything about...?

JANICE
Yes. He thinks we should take her to a psychiatrist.

(CONTINUED)

187 CONTINUED:

A beat, then:

BILL
Okay.
(then, changing the subject)
Any calls?

JANICE
No.

BILL
Good. I'll be home just as soon as I can break away from this damn thing.

JANICE
Okay.

She hangs up phone, considers a moment, then removes the phone from the cradle. Behind her, the rain falling steadily in the dusk.

188 EXT. DES ARTISTES (UPPER FLOORS) - LONG SHOT - NIGHT

The rain and wind have intensified, drive against the tall windows of the old building. The intense NIGHT SOUNDS of the city below fight against the high-pitched WHINE of the WIND and the PATTER of RAIN.

CAMERA ZOOMS IN on the Templeton windows, PAUSING BRIEFLY TO PEER INTO the living room, dimly lit by wall sconces. CAMERA TILTS UP the facade to Ivy's bedroom window. Through a wall of driving rain, we PERCEIVE the figure of Janice erecting a Chinese screen in front of the window.

189 INT. IVY'S BEDROOM - MED. SHOT - NIGHT

Janice struggles with the large, four-panel Chinese screen, attempting to rig it in front of the window. CAMERA PANS to Ivy, sitting propped up in bed reading. Her bandaged hands have trouble turning the pages; however, her mood is bright and cheerful. She casts occasional curious glances at her mother.

IVY
What's that for?

JANICE
There's a draft coming through the panes.

(CONTINUED)

189 CONTINUED:

The screen refuses to lodge between the pipes and Janice utters a soft, sibilant EPITHET. Ivy laughs.

IVY
Watch your language, Mother, there are children present.

The TELEPHONE RINGS distantly.

IVY
(continuing)
It's the house phone.

With a tinge of anxiety, Janice quickly leaves the room.

190 INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - CLOSE SHOT - TELEPHONE - NIGHT

The TELEPHONE RINGS in short staccato BURSTS. CAMERA PANS to Janice as she enters and picks up the phone.

JANICE
Yes?

DESK MAN'S VOICE
There's a Mr. Hoover on the line.

JANICE
(sudden panic)
Tell him...
(a beat, then decisively)
... Tell him I'm not at home.

DESK MAN'S VOICE
Yes, ma'am.

Janice gently hangs up the receiver and takes a step back from it. CAMERA SLOWLY EDGES IN on her face, troubled, lost and haunted.

191 EXT. DES ARTISTES (UPPER FLOORS) - LONG SHOT - NIGHT

While the rain continues to fall, the wind has died down. The STREET SOUNDS are DISTANT and VAGUE. CAMERA MOVES PAST Ivy's bedroom window, with the Chinese screen, LATERALLY to Janice's bedroom window. Within we SEE, in the dull glow of the bed lamp, Janice in robe, lying on the bed, soundly asleep.

192 INT. JANICE'S BEDROOM - CLOSE SHOT - NIGHT

It is silent. Eyes closed, face placid, Janice sleeps deeply.

(CONTINUED)

192 CONTINUED:

Then, an innate signal causes her eyes to snap open wide and alert. CAMERA PULLS BACK as she suddenly sits up, keening her ears for a telltale sound. It comes. The PATTER of FEET and the plaintive, MEWLING WEEPING.

IVY'S VOICE
... mommymommydaddydaddyhothothot hotdaddy...
[continuing throughout]

Janice shakes her head to clear it. Quickly snatches up the phone. Her hand trembles as she dials a number. IVY'S VOICE, O.S., suddenly rises to a SHRIEK, becomes chambered.

IVY'S VOICE
(continuing)
HOTHOTHOTHOTHOTHOT...!
[continuing]

A CRASHING of furniture follows. Janice is beside herself, shakes the phone in desperation.

WOMAN'S VOICE
Doctor Kaplan's service.

JANICE
Doctor Kaplan, please!

WOMAN'S VOICE
Name?

193 EXT. DES ARTISTES - FULL SHOT - IVY'S BEDROOM WINDOW - NIGHT

The rain falls steadily. The Chinese screen obscuring the bedroom seems suddenly animated.

Then, a bandaged fist breaks through the fabric, ripping a large hole in its center, and the ravaged, tear-streaked face of the child is SEEN, peering maniacally forth. Her hands gesture to the glass in supplication, and she screams. But all we HEAR is the soft PATTER of the RAIN against the window.

The child spins about and CAMERA ZOOMS INTO the jagged hole of the screen as she dashes across the room to the door and through it. CAMERA PULLS BACK, then MOVES LATERALLY TO Janice's window. Janice, still on the phone, looks up as the figure of Ivy runs past her open door. Janice drops the phone on the cradle and rushes out of the bedroom after Ivy.

CAMERA MOVES LATERALLY ACROSS TO the large living room window, and THROUGH it we SEE, on the stairway, Ivy descending with Janice in close pursuit.

(CONTINUED)

193 CONTINUED:

Then, eluding her mother's grasp, Ivy trips and falls down the stairs, but rises quickly, torment driving her on. Janice stumbles deliriously down the stairs after her, herself falling down the final step and landing heavily on her hands and knees.

The CAMERA CRANES DOWN the tall window to SEE Ivy at the window overlooking the wet city, making her fearful, fretting obeisances at the glass pane, her hands, trailing bandages, seeking, yet repelled by its proximity. Her eyes are wild and a line of blood streaks down from her forehead. She looks DIRECTLY AT US through the rain-streaked window and her mouth works in an unheard litany.

In her b.g., Janice has remained on her knees, in an attitude of penance, watching her child at the window in a kind of stunned, abject misery. Her lips move as if in prayer.

194 INT. TEMPLETON APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

From the quiet resonances of falling rain, we are suddenly battered by the strident, raucous SCREAMING of Ivy.

CAMERA PANS FROM Ivy at the window, screaming as she gestures in fear, TO Janice on her knees by the stairway, softly uttering prayers from her childhood.

IVY
HOTHOTHOT...
[continuing]

JANICE
' -- Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death, Amen...'

195 CLOSE SHOT - IVY

CAMERA TRACKS her as, with a shriek, she draws back from the window and, spinning about, stumbles across the room to the far bank of windows, upsetting furniture en route.

196 CLOSE SHOT - JANICE

She pivots about and, on her knees, starts to move toward Ivy O.S. Her face mirrors an insanity born of anguish as the words come tumbling out of her in a torrent of passion.

JANICE
'Lord, have mercy on us. Christ, have mercy on us. Lord, have mercy on us. Christ, hear us...'

197 TOP ANGLE

TO SEE Ivy, standing on the sofa, whimpering and gesticulating at the window. And Janice, on her knees, praying.

IVY
-- hothothothot...
[continuing]

JANICE
' -- Holy Mary, pray for us. Holy Mother of God...'

The TELEPHONE RINGS. Short, staccato bursts: THE HOUSE PHONE. Janice clambers to her feet and rushes into the hall corridor.

198 ANGLE - THE PHONE, JANICE

staggering, her legs almost give way beneath her, but she makes it to the phone and snatches it up.

JANICE
Doctor Kaplan...?

DESK MAN'S VOICE
Mrs. Templeton, there's a Mr. Hoover down here in the lobby...

The CAMERA MOVES IN ON Janice's tear-stained face as it blanches, stiffens, then quietens. Her stark eyes become impassive while in the b.g., we HEAR Ivy's SCREAMS escalate.

JANICE
(decisively)
Send him up!

The phone falls limply from her hand.

199 CLOSE SHOT - IVY

Her distorted visage is reflected in the window, hideously pockmarked by rivulets of rain.

IVY
(shrieks)
-- Daddy...!

200 INT. HALLWAY ELEVATOR - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

A panel of light travels up the frosted elevator door. The door slides open. Hoover emerges, and comes to a stop upon seeing -- the CAMERA PANS AROUND TO Janice, standing at the far end of the hallway at the open door. Behind her, the SHRIEKS of her child spill out into the hallway.

(CONTINUED)

200 CONTINUED:

IVY'S VOICE
DADDY...!!

JANICE
(screams at Hoover)
Hurry!

Hoover dashes down the hallway toward her.

201 INT. LIVING ROOM - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

Ivy is in the grip of her own terrible plight at the window.

IVY
-- DADDYDADDY...

The CAMERA PANS AROUND TO the living room archway TO Hoover. His face floods with pity and grief. Quickly, he removes his overcoat and allows it to fall to the floor. Then, in a voice choked with emotion, he moves FORWARD TO CAMERA and PAST IT, commencing his ritual O.S.

HOOVER
Audrey! Audrey Rose! I'm here now!

Janice appears at the archway, watching, her mind dazedly attempting to absorb the scene taking place O.S.

IVY'S VOICE
-- DADDYDADDYDADDY...

HOOVER'S VOICE
My darling Audrey Rose! It's your father! -- Audrey...!

The CAMERA STEALS IN ON Janice. Slowly, she begins to move into a shadowy corner of the living room, where only her eyes can be SEEN, fixed and staring at the incredible happening O.S.

HOOVER'S VOICE
(continuing)
-- Come to me! Audrey...!

The energy in Ivy's voice gradually diminishes.

IVY'S VOICE
-- Daddydaddydaddy...

(CONTINUED)

201 CONTINUED:

HOOVER'S VOICE
(gently)
Won't you come to me, my darling --
my darling -- Audrey Rose...?

There is a note of recognition now in Ivy's voice.

IVY'S VOICE
-- Daddy? Daddy? Daddy...?

HOOVER'S VOICE
Yes, darling. It's Daddy! Come!
Come, my darling!

IVY'S VOICE
(a note of joy)
-- Daddy!

CAMERA is ON a BIG CLOSE OF Janice at this point, as we HEAR the joyous WHIMPERINGS of Ivy and the soft SOBS of Hoover.

202 MED. SHOT - HOOVER AND IVY

He is kneeling, cradling Ivy in his arms, comforting her with gentle strokes and soft whispers. Then, Ivy's wet eyelids begin to flutter and close in sleep. Hoover slowly rises and carries the child to the couch. He places her down gently and examines the wound on her forehead. Although asleep, she occasionally twists in a sudden spasm.

Hoover looks about and hurries in the direction of the kitchen. The CAMERA PANS WITH him but STOPS UPON FINDING Janice, still partially hidden in the shadows in the corner.

203 CLOSE SHOT - JANICE

The SOUNDS of WATER RUNNING, a POT BEING FILLED, and Hoover's FOOTSTEPS returning from the background to Janice's soft murmurings.

JANICE
(tears streaming down
her face)
' -- Oh, my God, I am heartily sorry
for having offended Thee, and I
detest all my sins because I dread
the loss of heaven and the pain of
hell, but most of all because they
offend Thee, my God, who art all
good and deserving of all my
love...'

204 CLOSE SHOT - HOOVER AND IVY

Hoover bends over the injured girl. Dipping tissues in a pot of ice water, he carefully bathes away the blood from her forehead. Then he tends to her hands, resetting the bandages around the blistered fingers. After which he pulls an afghan gently over her, and rises.

205 CLOSE SHOT - JANICE

head averted, crying softly. There is silence. Then, Janice turns and gasps lightly. Hoover is with her.

HOOVER
Come. Let me help you.

Janice allows him to take her arm and gently lead her to the rocker, whereupon he encourages her to sit. Drained of will power, she is totally at his mercy, as Hoover wets a tissue in the ice water at hand and, kneeling before her, commences to lave her bruised knees. Janice watches him closely, lacking the energy or mental capacity to resist his intimate ministrations. He speaks, in a soft, intense voice.

HOOVER
(continuing)
We're dealing here with something far greater than Ivy's physical welfare. We're dealing with something that's indestructible. Her soul... which is in pain and torment --

JANICE
(barely audible)
-- Dear God...!

Hoover wets a new tissue and moving closely to Janice's face begins to attend to a bruise on her cheek. Janice draws away instinctively but Hoover's will dominates, and gently, almost lovingly, he continues his ministrations.

HOOVER
... A pain and torment as real as the actual physical torment that took Audrey's body out of this life. Ivy is expressing the same anguish that Audrey experienced in that terrible fire.

206 ANGLE

His words seem to oscillate in and out of Janice's blurred consciousness. She shakes her head as though to rid herself of them.

(CONTINUED)

206 CONTINUED:

JANICE
... It's a nightmare, nothing more...

HOOVER
How long has she had them?
(sharply)
Tell me! Has she had them before?

JANICE
(limply)
Yes. But never like this.

HOOVER
(soberly)
Then they're getting worse.
(a note of desperation)
Mrs. Templeton, they will continue to get worse unless something is done! Try to understand -- Ivy is in great danger. As long as a soul is unprepared to accept its Karmic responsibilities on earth, it cannot exist on earth. It has to go back.

JANICE
I -- I don't know what you're saying --

HOOVER
I'm saying that my daughter's soul returned too soon! Bewildered, terrified by her untimely death, she rushed back into a new earth life instead of remaining on a plane where her soul might have meditated and put together her past lives.

JANICE
(lashes out)
What do you mean, your daughter, her soul? That's my daughter over there, my child!

HOOVER
-- You don't understand...

JANICE
I don't want to understand! You're crazy -- My husband says you're a nut and I agree! Get out of here!

(CONTINUED)

206 CONTINUED: (2)

Still holding her arms, Hoover rises, drawing Janice up with him. Her body is like water, and she meekly submits.

HOOVER
That's your fear talking, Mrs. Templeton.

JANICE
(sobs)
No, damn it, it's me talking! Me! And I'm telling you, my child is <u>not</u> possessed!!

HOOVER
(taken aback)
But of course she's not. Reincarnation isn't possession.

JANICE
(in desperation)
-- Oh, God -- !

HOOVER
(grips her arms)
Please, please listen to me! We are not talking of possession, of alien spirits and demons -- We are talking of a soul's journey through eternity. A soul that was Audrey Rose's and which is now Ivy's soul -- and which in future lifetimes will belong to other bodies -- bodies that will live and then die. But it's only the <u>body</u> that dies. The soul is imperishable.

207 ANGLE

Janice's vacant eyes inform Hoover that he is not getting through.

HOOVER
Mrs. Templeton. A story, an incredible story that two people told me grabbed my heart and made me search. I went to India to find an answer.
(his expression sobers as memory takes over)
But what I found was starvation, and death.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

207 CONTINUED:

HOOVER (CONT'D)
Gradually I became aware that with all the misery these people had, there was still great joy in their lives. They believed that this life was not the end for them... that their souls went on and on through many lifetimes, that if this life wasn't good for them, the next time they'd have another chance to improve their lives.
(his eyes are blazing)
They believe this, Mrs. Templeton! Not one person. One nut. Or ten nuts. A half a billion people believe this!

Janice seems totally mesmerized by the passion of his words. And as the tears fall from his eyes, so do tears appear in her eyes. She offers no resistance as Hoover gently takes her arms and draws her close to him, until their faces are in the proximity of lovers about to kiss.

HOOVER
(continuing)
Won't you open your heart and try to understand what I'm telling you?

Janice trembles in his grip. His breath is hot on her cheek. Seeking to escape his ardor, her eyes roam upward.

208. HER POV - CEILING PAINTING

A wooded glen. A babbling brook. A partially nude figure of a girl, startled by her lover who rains kisses on her throat from behind.

HOOVER'S VOICE
-- Please, please say you will...!

209. BACK TO SCENE

Janice's eyes are fixed on the painting, mesmerized. Then, in a hushed, broken voice.

(CONTINUED)

209 CONTINUED:

JANICE
I -- I don't -- I don't know what you want of me.

HOOVER
I want your trust, and your help. The soul of a child is crying. We must form a bond. A bond so tight, and so filled with all the love you have, and all the love I have, that we can mend her.

JANICE
-- Mend her... soul?

HOOVER
Yes, together we must try. I must be with her, close to her, to pray and do good for her soul. And you must help me. Understand, Audrey Rose was only five when she died. In her brief time on earth she was just coming to an awareness of the beauties of life...
(his voice cracks)
Together we must return her soul to that awareness...
(he is crying openly now, and without shame)
We are both a part of this child, Mrs. Templeton. We both had to do with the making of her, and only we can help her.

Janice tries to pull away from the sting of his passion.

HOOVER
(continuing)
Don't turn your back on me. Because if you do, you turn your back on Ivy...

The TELEPHONE RINGS. Janice jumps. Hoover releases her. Janice slowly walks to the telephone and picks it up. The BUZZ of a MAN'S VOICE is HEARD over phone.

JANICE
(weakly dazed)
Hello -- Doctor Kaplan? -- Yes, I called -- No -- Nothing -- Nothing's wrong -- I'll call you tomorrow...

(CONTINUED)

209 CONTINUED: (2)

Janice slowly hangs up. Hoover's face relaxes and he smiles. * It is a smile that bestows a benediction.

HOOVER
Get some rest. We'll talk again in the morning.

He walks to the archway, picks up his coat, then turns to her again, his smile deepening.

HOOVER
(continuing)
Good night, Mrs. Templeton.

210 CLOSE SHOT - JANICE

She stares dumbly after his departing footsteps. She listens to the front DOOR OPEN and CLOSE. She is on the verge of hysteria and locks her arms about her body in a tight, protective embrace. CAMERA RISES ABOVE her as she gazes upward at the ceiling with a look that is filled with awe and wonder at all that is happening in her world.

211 HER POV - CEILING PAINTING

The cavorting courtiers and semi-clad courtesans gaze down at her dispassionately. The CAMERA TRACKS PAST their faces and finally COMES TO A BIG CLOSE ON the leering head of a grotesque gargoyle worked into the plaster cornice.

212 BACK TO SCENE

Janice shudders in fear and clutches herself tightly. Behind her, Ivy MOANS in her sleep.

213 EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF DES ARTISTES - NIGHT

A taxi pulls up to the building and Bill emerges. As he is paying off the driver, his attention is suddenly caught by something O.S., in the distance.

214 HIS POV

Hoover, striding purposefully away from the building.

215 BACK TO SCENE

Bill's expression is one of surprise, tinged with anger, and for a moment seems about to go after him. But as the taxi drives off, Bill turns instead and rushes into the building.

216 INT. IVY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark.

216 CONTINUED:

Then the door swings gently in and Bill, carrying the sleeping form of Ivy, enters and takes her over to her bed and gently tucks her in. Before leaving, he stands above her a moment, his face expressing a gamut of shifting emotions: love, anger, and finally a lost and helpless look that speaks of betrayal.

217 INT. JANICE AND BILL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The RAIN BEATS hard on the window, forming rivulets that cause the lights of the city to sparkle and glow. CAMERA PANS TO Janice, sitting on the bed, watching the rain beat against the window. Her expression is vacuous, bereft of emotion, and thoroughly spent. Bill opens the door and quietly enters. Janice makes no sign acknowledging his presence. Bill slowly walks to a chair across the room facing her, and sits down. There is no anger in him, only incredulity, testing his thoughts before uttering them in a stricken and hushed voice.

BILL
You let him in. You let him touch Ivy...

His words seem to bring Janice back from dream state. She gazes at Bill with soft compassion.

BILL
(continuing)
Why, Janice?

JANICE
(simply)
I needed help. Ivy was going crazy...

BILL
You could've called Russ. Or the elevator man.

JANICE
I was afraid she'd kill herself. I needed help and he was there, and he helped her before.

Bill can only shake his head in stunned amazement.

BILL
Janice, you really believe this man is -- what?

JANICE
I don't know what he is. I only know she was trying to hurt herself and he calmed her.

(CONTINUED)

217 CONTINUED:

BILL
Wow. You know, I thought he was a weirdo, a fanatic; now I think he's a magician. He's got you hypnotized.

Tears form in Janice's eyes. She lowers her head. Bill goes to her; kneels before her, and gently takes her hand.

BILL
(continuing)
Janice, when I was a kid, my father took me to a magic show and I saw a lady put in a box and sawed in half. And I believed it. I believed she was actually sawed in half. What I didn't know was that there were two ladies inside that box, and that the saw passed between them. That was the explanation, baby. It was an act -- simple once you knew it. I don't know what this guy does, but it is an act, believe me, and tomorrow Russ is gonna bring down the curtain on him.

JANICE
(weeps softly)
I needed help. He was here and you weren't.

Bill takes her hand and presses it against his cheek.

BILL
Don't worry, I'll be here from now on.

Bill kisses her hand. Janice, deeply touched by his warm and loving gesture, now takes his hand to her face and kisses it. Bill tries to smile reassuringly. She tries to return his smile. Neither works.

218 EXT. LINCOLN CENTER FOUNTAIN - DAY

The sprinklers are on, sending streams of water into the air. THROUGH the curtain of water we SEE Bill and Ivy, seated on the ledge of the fountain, tossing pennies into it.

219 CLOSER ANGLE

Bill places a penny on the back of Ivy's bandaged hand. Ivy holds out the hand in front of her and laughs...

(CONTINUED)

219 CONTINUED:

IVY
Look, Daddy, no hands.

And she tosses the penny into the fountain. Bill laughs along with her, and glances over to:

220 HIS POV

In the distance Janice is seated at a table on the edge of the outdoor cafe, drinking a cappuccino. Though she waves and smiles, it is a forced, remote smile.

221 BACK TO SCENE

Bill and Ivy wave back at her, then Ivy's eyes fix on her bandaged hands with a look of great puzzlement.

IVY
If I burned them on the radiator going to the bathroom, how come I didn't wake up?

BILL
Because we put ointment on them quickly, and burns only hurt later on.

IVY
(smiles)
Yeah, like when I got sunburned on the beach last summer. It took hours to hurt.

Bill reaches out and tenderly pushes a wisp of hair from her eyes. Ivy regards him with deep affection and quietly reminds.

IVY
(continuing)
My birthday's tomorrow.

The vaguest sense of unease crosses Bill's face, but it is so fleeting as to be unnoticed by Ivy.

IVY
(continuing)
Did you pick something nice for me?

BILL
All picked, wrapped, ribbonned and waiting to be opened.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

221 CONTINUED:

BILL (CONT'D)
(rising)
Right now how about picking up a pizza and going home?

IVY
With cream soda?

BILL
Sure, the works.

Ivy jumps from the ledge and shouts to Janice:

IVY
Mom, let's go home!

222 CLOSE - JANICE

stiffens at the mention of going back to the apartment.

IVY'S VOICE
C'mon, Mom! We're gonna buy a pizza and go home!

Janice forces herself to smile, struggles to her feet and moves woodenly toward them INTO a BIG CLOSE.

223 CLOSE SHOT - JANICE

Her face FILLS the SCREEN -- agonized, filled with horror.

The strident SOUND of IVY'S VOICE BLEATING her litany fills the bedroom with tension and terror.

IVY'S VOICE
-- HOTHOTHOTHOTHOTHOTHOT -- !
[continuing]

The CAMERA TRACKS BACK TO REVEAL...

224 INT. DES ARTISTES - IVY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bill is standing staunchly between Ivy and the bedroom window, his arms akimbo, his legs outstretched, the human barrier to his child's ravening need to get to the window. Her head thrown back, Ivy howls up at Bill, and flails and pelts him with her bandaged fists, ripping at his shirt and trousers.

BILL
Janice! Help me!

225 CLOSE - JANICE

In a delirium, she charges Ivy and engulfs her legs in a vise-like embrace. The DOORBELL RINGS.

BILL
Kaplan. Stay with her.

He bounds out of the room. CAMERA PANS TO Ivy, locked in Janice's embrace, her panic lessening somewhat.

IVY
-- daddydaddy --

226 INT. TEMPLETON APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Bill appears around the living room archway at a run. The CAMERA PANS WITH him TO the front door. He twists the locks, removes the chain bolt, and opens the door. Elliot Hoover stands on the threshold. His face is pale, and he smiles nervously. Bill's face flushes in surprise and anger.

BILL
H -- How the hell did you get up here?

HOOVER
I...

Bill's face tautens with fury and with a spasm of rage...

BILL
You son of a bitch...!

... he thrusts his hands at Hoover's throat, seeking to enclose it, to squeeze it. Hoover draws back instinctively.

HOOVER
No, please...!

He falls away from Bill's grasping fingers, falling downwards to the floor, bringing Bill down on top of him, whereupon a foot in Bill's groin, added to Bill's own forward momentum, causes his hulking body to cartwheel in a gentle arc and drop on the floor.

227 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING BILL

on his back, his eyes waver. He's panting hard in pain, agony and mortification. The SOUND of DOORS OPENING down the corridor, and the PATTER of RUNNING FOOTSTEPS. Hoover's hand reaches to help Bill to his feet.

(CONTINUED)

227 CONTINUED:

HOOVER
I'm sorry, Mr. Templeton. Here, let me help you...

Bill's eyes focus in despair on the neighbors, O.S.

228 HIS POV

A number of neighbors are standing by, watching. Others are arriving. Most are in robes and slippers.

229 BACK TO SCENE

Bill's face becomes murderous. He groans...

BILL
I -- I'll kill you...

And with a sudden lunge, grabs Hoover's legs and pulls him down on top of him. Bill's arms encircle Hoover's body in a powerful grip. As he starts to apply pressure, Hoover's fingers tighten on the carotid artery in Bill's neck, rendering him paralyzed. IVY'S VOICE tunnels down from the bedroom.

IVY'S VOICE
-- DADDYDADDY --

Hoover's face goes white, and he shouts:

HOOVER
Audrey! Audrey!

Janice has appeared, her drained shocked face staring at Hoover, her fists pounding at his arm.

JANICE
Let go of him...!

IVY'S VOICE
-- DADDYDADDY --

HOOVER
Yes, yes, I'm coming...!

Hoover releases the vein in Bill's neck and plunges toward the open door. Janice falls to her knees beside Bill and cradles his dazed head against her breast.

JANICE
Bill, Bill...!

Bill's eyes begin to focus on the door of their apartment.

(CONTINUED)

229 CONTINUED:

It is closed. He shouts in a rasping voice:

BILL
Get a cop. That son of a bitch's got my kid!

230 ANGLE - THE NEIGHBORS

An OLD WOMAN takes a step forward and nervously advises:

WOMAN
We already sent for them.

231 ANGLE - BILL AND JANICE

His face ashen, Bill struggles to his feet and with Janice's help stumbles forward to the door. He starts to pound on it.

BILL
(shouts)
Open the door, you son of a bitch!
(over his shoulder)
Ring for the elevator! Get a passkey! This guy's a kook, a psycho, hurry...!

The SOUND of FOOTSTEPS RUNNING to comply, O.S.

BILL
(continuing)
-- Bastard! Open this door...!

JANICE
Bill, darling -- It's all right. He won't harm her.

Bill spins his ravaged, sopping face around at her.

BILL
Keep out of this, Janice! I've had enough of this bullshit!

Janice flinches, reels away from him.

232 ANGLE - THE ELEVATOR (TRACKING)

DOMINICK, the night man, fiddling with a bunch of keys, trots in advance of neighbors to Bill and Janice at the end of the hall corridor. At the door, Dominick fits a key into the lock, twists and pushes open the door a crack, but only a crack, as the chain bolt is connected. Bill presses his mouth into the narrow slit.

(CONTINUED)

232 CONTINUED:

BILL
Open up, Hoover. The police are coming!

Silence from within -- deep ominous.

233 ANGLE - TWO YOUNG POLICE OFFICERS (TRACKING)

as they walk briskly to the Templeton apartment.

1ST OFFICER
What's the trouble?

BILL
A man's in my house with my child, Officer. He assaulted me, then locked us out...!

1ST OFFICER
Do you know this man?

JANICE
His name is Elliot Hoover.

The 1st Officer beats on the metal facing with his nightstick.

1ST OFFICER
Mr. Hoover. I am a police officer. Open the door!

They wait for a reply to no avail. The Officer turns to Bill.

1ST OFFICER
(continuing)
Is there a service entrance to this apartment?

Bill slaps his head at his own stupidity.

BILL
Of course.

With Bill in the lead, all principals dash down the hall corridor, the neighbors trailing.

234 INT. TEMPLETON APARTMENT - SERVICE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The door to the service entrance is open as the mob of people round the corridor and approach it. Bill's face goes ashen.

BILL
My God, he's taken her!

(CONTINUED)

234 CONTINUED:

1ST OFFICER
We'd better check.

Bill and the 1st Officer bound into the apartment.

The 2nd Officer remains in the corridor with Dominick.

CAMERA MOVES IN TO Janice, her back pressed against a wall, her eyes large and incredulous. Her tense face hardly registers the HEAVY FOOTSTEPS of Bill and the 1st Officer as they return at a gallop. The CAMERA WIDENS ANGLE TO INCLUDE Bill as he leaps out of the service door and announces:

BILL
They're gone! He's kidnapped Ivy!

DOMINICK'S VOICE
If it's Mr. Hoover you're talking about, he just sublet a suite on the eighth floor.

2ND OFFICER'S VOICE
What number?

DOMINICK'S VOICE
Suite number 802.

235 INT. DES ARTISTES - SUITE #802, EIGHTH FLOOR - NIGHT

CAMERA HOLDS ON A FULL SHOT OF the closed door bearing the number 802. We HEAR a stampede of FOOTSTEPS coming on hard. CAMERA PANS TO FIND them dashing around a far corridor, Bill and the Police Officer in advance of the others. Arriving at the door, the 1st Officer raps on it with his nightstick.

236 CLOSER SHOT

1ST OFFICER
Mr. Hoover, I am a police officer! Open this door!

The SOUND of SCURRYING FOOTSTEPS within the apartment is HEARD.

1ST OFFICER
(continuing)
Mr. Hoover, I will ask you once more to open this door!

HOOVER'S VOICE
(muffled)
-- No!

(CONTINUED)

236 CONTINUED:

BILL
Open up, you son of a bitch!

1ST OFFICER
That'll do, sir.

The 1st Officer turns to Dominick and nods. Dominick quickly inserts a key in the lock and opens the door. The chain bolt is on, however, and all we SEE through the small opening is a thin slice of foyer. Then Elliot Hoover moves into the narrow frame, grim-faced, resolute.

1ST OFFICER
(continuing)
Please open this door, Mr. Hoover!

HOOVER
No! There's been enough insanity for one night.

1ST OFFICER
Is there a child on your premises?

HOOVER
Yes. She's sleeping peacefully.

1ST OFFICER
Does this child belong to this person?

HOOVER
No. She's mine.

The Officer glances at Bill, confused.

BILL
(splutters)
He has no child. He's a nut! Break down the door!

The 1st Officer turns back to Hoover and officially warns...

1ST OFFICER
I will give you thirty seconds to open this door. If you do not comply, I will send for help to break it down.

He glances down at his wristwatch. There is a smothered hush of anticipation among the neighbors and principals alike. Janice remains frozen, not in fear, but in total incredulity at what is taking place before her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

236 CONTINUED: (2)

1ST OFFICER
(continuing)
-- Ten seconds!

Finally, Hoover gives way, slowly approaches the door, and opens it. Through the widening doorway we SEE Ivy, asleep on a small chaise, under a warm coverlet. Bill pounces through the door with an animal cry, pushing Hoover roughly aside. We SEE Bill fall to his knees beside his sleeping child, and tenderly minister to her.

BILL
-- Oh, baby, baby -- it's Daddy...

IVY
(in her sleep)
-- Daddy...?

... as the 2nd Officer claps handcuffs to Hoover's wrist, and the 1st Officer reads the prescribed litany from his booklet...

1ST OFFICER
My name is John Noonan, Police Officer First Class, Badge Number: 707325. I am placing you under arrest for the suspected felony of kidnapping. You have the right to remain silent; anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law...

Elliot Hoover gazes at Janice through eyes that are deeply sorrowful and filled with accusation. Janice momentarily returns his look with one that is lost and apologetic, before her eyes waver and lower. There is a smattering of applause from the neighbors as Hoover is led manacled down the hallway by the two Officers and ushered into the elevator.

237 CLOSE SHOT - HOOVER

gazing forlornly as the bars of the elevator gate are drawn past his face.

EFFECT DISSOLVE TO:

238 CLOSE SHOT - ARTIST'S SKETCH

of Elliot Hoover peering forlornly forth through prison bars. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO FIND the sketch on the front page of the New York Post, below the following caption:

"JURY SELECTION CONTINUES IN KIDNAPPING TRIAL"

239 COURTROOM MONTAGE

(A series of trial sequences as depicted through courtroom sketches in the process of being drawn as we WATCH, INTERCUT WITH their LIVE-ACTION equivalents. Below each drawing is the hand-printed legend identifying the characters we are SEEING.)

240 SKETCH - ELLIOT HOOVER, SEATED IN COURTROOM

CAMERA PANS ACROSS the sketch TO BRICE MACK questioning LADY JUROR.

LEGEND BELOW: "Defense Attorney B. Mack questioning 12th prospective juror."

MACK'S VOICE
You have been a practicing Catholic all your life, Miss Hall?

MISS HALL'S VOICE
I go to church on Sunday.

241 LIVE ACTION: BRICE MACK QUESTIONING JUROR

MACK
Do you believe in the resurrection of Jesus Christ?

MISS HALL
Well, yes -- all Catholics do...

242 SKETCH - BILL, JANICE AND SCOTT VELIE HUDDLED IN CONFERENCE

LEGEND BELOW: "D.A. and Templetons in confab."

BILL'S VOICE
I knew it. He's actually going to base his case on reincarnation.

VELIE'S VOICE
Let him. We're in America, not India...

243 LIVE ACTION: BILL, JANICE AND VELIE CONFABBING

VELIE
... This is a Court of Law, not a religious tribunal...

Janice's eyes drift toward:

244 LIVE ACTION: HER POV OF HOOVER AND MACK AT DEFENSE TABLE

VELIE'S VOICE
... It doesn't matter whether Hoover believes in reincarnation or believes the moon is made of green cheese. The fact is he's a child stealer.

245 LIVE ACTION: CLOSER ANGLE - HOOVER AND MACK IN COLLOQUY

MACK
I can still enter a plea of temporary insanity.

Hoover fixes Brice Mack with a withering look.

MACK
(continuing)
Well, at least let me arrange bail for you. It doesn't help our case your being held in restraint.

HOOVER
(vastly unperturbed)
My prison cell is perfectly adequate to my needs.

246 SKETCH - JUDGE LANGLEY BEHIND BENCH

LEGEND BELOW: "Judge Harmon Langley, presiding."

JUDGE LANGLEY'S VOICE
Is the defense ready to proceed with its opening remarks?

CAMERA PANS ACROSS sketch pad to Brice Mack, rising.

MACK'S VOICE
Yes, Your Honor, and we contend that the charge of kidnapping is inept, inappropriate and improper as it applies to the defendant...

CAMERA PANS ACROSS sketch to SEE Scott Velie rising.

247 LIVE ACTION: MACK ADDRESSING THE BENCH

MACK
... for we will demonstrate that the strongest possible familial relationship does exist between Elliot Hoover and the child, Ivy Templeton!

248 LIVE ACTION: JANICE AND BILL

seated in Plaintiff's row. Bill slumps deep into his seat.

249 LIVE ACTION: CLOSE SHOT - SCOTT VELIE

VELIE
Your Honor, lest this hearing become polluted with wild and unfounded assertions, I beg the court's indulgence for a conference at the bench.

250 SKETCH - LANGLEY, MACK AND VELIE

together at the bench.

LEGEND BELOW: "Lawyers argue."

MACK'S VOICE
We believe, Your Honor, that reincarnation is relevant and material to this case, and that it provides the defendant with a perfectly valid defense...

251 LIVE ACTION: LANGLEY, MACK AND VELIE

holding subdued conference at bench.

VELIE
Your Honor, such a defense is totally unknown in Western courts.

JUDGE LANGLEY
Can you cite sources, Mr. Mack? Give me any legal precedents for such a defense?

MACK
(tolerantly)
No, sir, nor can I cite any authority that holds reincarnation is impossible.

252 SKETCH - JUDGE LANGLEY'S FACE

filled with doubt and confusion.

MACK'S VOICE
(echoing throughout courtroom)
She lives!

CAMERA PANS ACROSS sketch to SEE Brice Mack in dramatic posture.

(CONTINUED)

252 CONTINUED:

MACK'S VOICE
(continuing)
Audrey Rose lives!

CAMERA PANS ACROSS sketch TO startled faces of Jurors.

MACK'S VOICE
(continuing)
Her soul has crossed over the vale of darkness into a new earthlife...

253 LIVE ACTION: BRICE MACK FACING THE JURY

MACK
... and now resides in the body of the child who is called... Ivy Templeton!!

254 LIVE ACTION: NEWSPAPER HEADLINE: "MY CHILD, KIDNAPPER CLAIMS, REINCARNATED"

-- and below: "Maharishi Gupta Pradesh First Defense Witness"
-- and below is a photo of the Maharishi.

255 INT. COURTROOM - CLOSE SHOT (MATCHING) - DAY

GUPTA PRADESH is standing in the witness box being sworn in by the BAILIFF. (Their voices are not heard. Instead, we HEAR the VOICE of JOHN CHANCELLOR, as CAMERA PANS AROUND the courtroom to FIND it packed with spectators.

JOHN CHANCELLOR'S VOICE
And so, four months after his arrest, and after five wearying weeks of jury selection and the careful presentation of the prosecution's case...

256 FULL SHOT - TV MONITORS

Four air monitors show JOHN CHANCELLOR in control room. His name appears in lower screen.

JOHN CHANCELLOR
... the defense of Elliot Hoover finally gets underway. Among the first witnesses will be...

257 INT. COURTROOM

CAMERA PANS FROM Gupta Pradesh at the witness stand TO two rows in the spectators' section occupied by HARE KRISHNAS, young males and females dressed in red and yellow robes, the males wearing ponytails on shaved heads, the females with red dots on their foreheads.

(CONTINUED)

257 CONTINUED:

They are smiling and craning their necks to better see the Maharishi, the saint to whom they have come to pay homage.

JOHN CHANCELLOR'S VOICE
... the holy man from Benares, India, the Maharishi, Gupta Pradesh, whose task it will be to convince...

258 JURORS - PANNING

PAST twelve typically American types of mixed ages and genders.

JOHN CHANCELLOR'S VOICE
... twelve rock-faced American jurors of the truth of reincarnation which will form the basis of the defense's case...

259 CLOSE SHOT

Russ Rothman is standing at his seat in the rear of the courtroom, gesturing confidently to Bill, O.S.

JOHN CHANCELLOR'S VOICE
... A case that is unique in the annals of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence, and one that has riveted the attention of the world.

260 CLOSE SHOT

Bill sits alone in the witness row directly behind the railing. Seeing Russ, he returns his gesture of confidence with a feeble smile.

261 INT. STUDIO - DAY

Sitting with John Chancellor is DR. JAMES BEARDSLEY HANCOCK, an elderly gentleman, smiling and imposing.

JOHN CHANCELLOR
A second expert witness for the defense is the Honorable James Beardsley Hancock, Emeritus Professor of Oriental Religious Studies and distinguished Nobel Laureate, whom we are fortunate to have with us in our studio this morning. Doctor Hancock is a sixth generation, grass-roots American who, himself, firmly believes in the doctrine of reincarnation. Tell me, sir, can there be a real life after death?

(CONTINUED)

261 CONTINUED:

HANCOCK
I'm not at liberty to say very much since I'm going to testify for Mr. Hoover, however, beyond a shadow of a doubt there is life after death, Bill. Throughout history great men have believed it. Plato, Spinosa, Goethe, Voltaire, Thoreau, Darwin, were all convinced of it!

NEWSCASTER
Are there any proofs of this, Doctor?

HANCOCK
Well, today we are seeing the search for former lifetimes being conducted under the hard, uncompromising scrutiny of science. And in the coming weeks, I am convinced that the world will see legal truth verified by religious testimony.

DISSOLVE TO:

262 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Gupta Pradesh is seated in the witness box, speaking in his mellow voice, as Jurors, Reporters, Prosecutor and Judge listen in rapt attention. Only Bill seems unimpressed.

PRADESH
Many of you look upon death as the ending to life -- a leap into an eternal nothingness from which there is no return. Because of this, you are filled with dread and despair, and even rage at the injustice of death. We in India do not fear death -- our bodies, because they are material, can die; but the soul, because it is spirit can never die. That is the difference between matter and spirit — by nature the body is ever changing and the soul is eternal.

(A beat)
Modern science has shown that the body is changing at every moment through the action and reaction of different cells, and thus growth and old age are taking place. But the soul, which is spirit, exists permanently. And as the body passes from infancy to youth to old age, so the soul, in a similar way, passes into another body at death.

262 CONTINUED:

PRADESH (CONT'D)
aspirations, and sometimes even the griefs and sadness of lifetimes past...

263 CLOSE - BILL

Smothers a yawn and glances toward the jury.

264 FULL - JURORS

Their faces are vacuous though they are listening politely.

PRADESH
(continuing)
This is why we are certain that when the brain ceases to function and the body withers, the soul is alive still, and never dies, but continues onward, seeking other rebirths in other bodies in its eternal search for perfection.

265 CLOSE - HOOVER

Listening with an intensity that is fierce. He seems a man transported, as indeed at this moment he is gradually becoming. CAMERA ZOOMS IN TO his eyes, into the very black of his eye's pupil, and we FIND outselves deep in the heart of Hoover's memory, and abstract, flashing moments of his own particular sojourn in India. The Maharishi's VOICE CONTINUES without pause.

266 EXT. THE RIVER (STOCK SHOT)

The Ganges angrily rises, knocking a small bridge off its posts.

267 EXT. FLOOD WATERS (STOCK SHOT)

In a flood of water we SEE debris of houses, farm implements and the bloated carcass of an ox being swiftly carried in its swift and merciless current (OR SIMILAR SHOTS OF INDIAN CATASTROPHE).

PRADESH'S VOICE
Believing this to be true, my people have learned to endure all. And we have learned to accept all, because we have learned that death is not a tragedy.

268 EXT. GHATS ALONG GANGES - FUNERAL PYRE - DAY (STOCK SHOTS)

Flames lick around forms on funeral pyres as a body is being cremated. There is the SOUND of RINGING BELLS and of JOYOUS CHANTING as cakes are passed among the mourners.

PRADESH'S VOICE
... Death is but a momentary separation, fragile, a flicker of light in all eternity....

269 FUNERAL PYRE (STOCK SHOT)

The flames gather and burgeon and now smoke begins to rise in a straight plume, up, up into the cloudless sky of pure azure.

GUPTA PRADESH'S VOICE
... a brief respite in the astral cosmos, where the soul must wait and, through meditation, seek to clothe itself in the higher spiritual garments, before attempting rebirth into the next earth life.

270 EXT. HIMALAYAS - CLOUDS (STOCK SHOT)

A vale of perfect clouds crowns the highest reaches of the Himalaya mountain range. CAMERA ZOOMS IN TO them.

GUPTA PRADESH'S VOICE
And what of the astral cosmos? It is a world containing many spheres to receive the souls as they pass out of the body at death...

The SOUND of CHANTING, "Om, Om, Om, Om, Om...!" begins to assert itself into the Maharishi's discourse.

GUPTA PRADESH'S VOICE
(continuing; hesitantly)
... A world made up of subtle hues of light and color... of planes filled with astral beings...

The JUDGE'S VOICE punctuates the CHANTING.

JUDGE LANGLEY'S VOICE
Order!

271 INT. COURTROOM - CLOSE SHOT - HOOVER - DAY

The Judge's voice snaps Hoover out of his reverie. His eyes lose their dreamy quality and focus hard ahead.

272 HIS POV

Judge Langley's stern face is focused on the Hare Krishnas.

JUDGE LANGLEY
Order!

273 FULL SHOT - HARE KRISHNAS

The Children of Lord Krishna are standing at their seats, chanting in perfect unison. MURMURS from the spectators rise about them. CAMERA ZOOMS IN TO the chanting face of a young female Hare Krishna.

274 EXT. MOUNT CARMEL SCHOOL - MATCHING CLOSE SHOT - DAY

Ivy's radiant face sings out in the chorus of Handel's Kyrie Eleison. The young voices arch high, angelically, as the CAMERA TRACKS BACK REVEALING the other girls in the choir, all in uniform and singing as they march in single file around Mt. Carmel's inner quadrangle -- a medieval throwback featuring Gothic arches in ivy-clad stone walls. Snow is on the ground, and in the center of the quad is a huge snowman, under construction, with scaffolding erected around its tall form. An old, time-worn sign: "SYLVESTER XXIII" is prominently displayed on its body. A NUN stands by the snowman, in the center of girls, leading the choir. Then, when Ivy is out of eyeshot of the Nun, the GIRL behind her purposely closes ranks with her and give Ivy a vicious poke and snickers.

GIRL
(whispers)
Freak!

Ivy's face clouds, but she ignores the taunt and continues singing, as the Kyrie comes to an end.

275 INSERT - NEWSPAPER

The headline dramatically states: "REINCARNATION TRIAL GOES TO DEFENSE." And below it: "DEFENDANT TO CLAIM TEMPLETON CHILD HIS." And below that, a picture of Ivy, a younger school photo.

MOTHER VERONICA'S VOICE
-- We found it on one of the girls,
and now it's all over the school.

276 INT. CHANCELLERY - DAY

Janice gazes at the newspaper, held by MOTHER VERONICA, through eyes that are haunted. Mother Veronica is in her late fifties, a cherubic, gentle face peering forth from a starched wimple. The room is large, Gothic, and fringed by casement windows.

MOTHER VERONICA
In spite of everything we tried to do
to shield Ivy, we failed.
(then, gently)
Will you speak with Ivy, and explain
to her the truth of the matter?

277 DOWN ANGLE - THROUGH WINDOW

The Girls are now working on the snowman, but Ivy stands apart from them, watching, a forlorn figure. CAMERA ZOOMS SLOWLY IN ON Ivy, her lovely face filled with confusion.

MOTHER VERONICA'S VOICE
She doesn't understand and is frightened.

JANICE'S VOICE
Yes, or course I will. May I keep her with me overnight?

MOTHER VERONICA'S VOICE
Certainly.

IN TO A BIG CLOSE SHOT OF Ivy's face, which mirrors confusion and hurt.

278 INT. MOTEL BEDROOM - CLOSE SHOT - NIGHT

Ivy, dressed in pajamas, sits up in bed, staring in wide-eyed shock and disbelief.

IVY
Then I <u>am</u> a freak! The girls are right!

279 WIDER ANGLE

TO INCLUDE Janice, dressed in robe, sitting next to Ivy on the bed.

JANICE
No, Ivy, you're not a freak. It's only that a man, a very lonely man, has seen in you something of the daughter he loved and lost.

IVY
Wow! -- Is it possible? Can things like that really happen?

JANICE
Mr. Hoover seems to think so.

IVY
-- It makes me feel creepy inside. No wonder the girls are giving me the treatment.

JANICE
Would you rather I took you home?

(CONTINUED)

279 CONTINUED:

Ivy's face clouds over.

IVY
Sylvester will be crowned tomorrow. Can't I stay for that at least?
(tears form)
We've all worked so hard on him...

Seeing Ivy weeping is too much for Janice. Tears fill her eyes and she clutches Ivy to her in a desperate embrace.

JANICE
Oh, Ivy, Ivy -- of course you can...

They remain in a tight embrace, each caught up in the mysteries that surround them. It is Ivy who speaks next, and her eyes, though moist, are strangely wondrously alight.

IVY
Wouldn't it be wonderful, Mom?

JANICE
What?

IVY
If what Mr. Hoover believes is really true, that we all just keep on living and living forever and ever and never die?

The question has a dreamlike quality that lulls Janice into a mood of sober contemplation, and drawing Ivy to her bosom and nestling her face into the soft hair, she whispers:

JANICE
Yes, darling, it would be wonderful, really wonderful.

280 INT. MOTEL BEDROOM - CLOSE SHOT - NIGHT

Janice, in bed, asleep. The room is dark. A SOUND, nearby, causes Janice to stir and awaken. After a moment, she turns and is startled to discover that Ivy is not in the bed. She sits up, and is about to turn on the lamp, when the SOUND becomes a trifle more distinct causing her to pause and listen. It sounds like whispering, yet the words are not intelligible. Janice looks toward the bathroom door. CAMERA PANS TO the bathroom door, TO SEE a sliver of light emanating from beneath it.

281 ANOTHER ANGLE

Janice quietly gets out of bed, tiptoes over to the bathroom door, and pauses, listening.

(CONTINUED)

281 CONTINUED:

The WHISPERING is more pronounced, yet the words are still undefinable. The CAMERA MOVES IN ON Janice as she silently and carefully opens the door a crack and peers through the slit.

282 REVERSE CLOSE SHOT

Janice's eyes widen in shock at what she sees:

283 HER POV

Standing before the mirror, gazing transfixed at her own dimly reflected image, is Ivy. There is a strange, mad light in her eyes as they plumb the eyes in the mirror, seeming to seek a route into the deep, impenetrable darkness of the orbs. As she studies her own reflection, she smiles, and whispers in a soft, taunting voice, crooning:

IVY
Audrey Rose? Audrey Rose? Audrey Rose? [Etc.]

... as if seeking to make contact.

284 BACK TO SCENE

Janice's expression is deeply fearful.

285 EXT. CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING - DAY

The building SEEN at a distance enveloped by a feel of winter, denoted mainly in the dress of pedestrians.

286 INT. COURTROOM - CLOSE SHOT - DAY

Bill, entering through the courtroom doors and pausing on the threshold as he encounters a wall of courtroom NOISE: BABBLE OF VOICES, LAUGHTER, etc., signifying that court is not in session. Bill's face mirrors weariness, tension and keen embarrassment, and he remains rooted, as if unable to muster the strength to enter and face another day of it.

287 CLOSE SHOT

James Beardsley Hancock, seated in last row, observes Bill with a look of understanding and compassion. He rises and approaches him. Bill, seeing Hancock, turns abruptly away and starts to move off, but Hancock's hand stays his progress.

DR. HANCOCK
Mr. Templeton. You must not despise me for testifying for Mr. Hoover.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

287 CONTINUED:

DR. HANCOCK (CONT'D)
When Mr. Mack asked me to appear, I could not refuse to save a man from living death.

Bill turns to Hancock, his face hardening.

BILL
I can understand the Indian, he's a product of his culture. But you, an American, and a famous one, feeding Hoover's sick delusion by perpetuating this farce. I can find that easy to despise, Mr. Hancock.

Hancock is hurt and saddened by Bill's words. A great weight seems to descend upon him.

DR. HANCOCK
I'm sorry you feel as you do. But being an American does not impair my right to believe in the laws of Karma and the truth of reincarnation -- beliefs, may I say, I have long held and cherished.

BILL
(a cynical grin)
Yeah. Sure.

Bill turns and strides briskly off, leaving Hancock gazing after him with a look that is deeply troubled.

288 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Scott Velie wears a small bemused smile as he quietly puts his questions to the holy man. Although he seems nervous, the Maharishi tries to maintain a mien of gentle acceptance.

VELIE
Tell me, Mr. Pradesh. When astral beings travel from one level to another, how do they do it?

The question draws a blank stare from the Maharishi.

VELIE
(continuing)
-- Do they fly? Do they have wings?

(CONTINUED)

288 CONTINUED:

GUPTA PRADESH
No. Communication and travel from one astral plane to another are accomplished through telepathic means, faster than the speed of sound.

VELIE
Really? Speaking of travel, may I ask how you got here from Benares?

GUPTA PRADESH
(with hesitation)
-- In an airplane.

VELIE
Precisely...!

Velie produces a notebook and consults it.

VELIE
(continuing; reading)
Air India. Flight seventeen. Arrived Kennedy, 3:25 on the afternoon of January second from Delhi. First class, round trip, $2,728.14. Paid from a special legal account in Mr. Hoover's name at Chase Manhattan Bank, as were all your personal expenses to this date, totalling thus far, not including today, $4,350 more or less, which includes your $120 a day suite at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel.
(looks up)
That's quite a heap of living for a man of the cloth, wouldn't you say?

Brice Mack jumps up.

MACK
Your Honor! I object to this demeaning attack against the character of the witness!

VELIE
Your Honor. The expenses incurred by the witness may be proper, even though excessive. However, there was one more item I was about to introduce into the record.

(CONTINUED)

288 CONTINUED: (2)

JUDGE LANGLEY
Very well. Continue.

VELIE
It is the item of a check drawn on the legal account of Elliot Hoover in the amount of $25,000 and made payable to Mr. Gupta Pradesh!

Mack's face pales. He ducks down to confer with Hoover.

VELIE
(continuing)
I ask you now, Mr. Pradesh. Did you, in fact, receive such a check?

GUPTA PRADESH
Yes. I did.

VELIE
And were you given that check in return for your testimony?

As the full meaning of the question, barbed as it is with insult and innuendo, is finally absorbed by the Maharishi, his eyes become deeply aggrieved.

MACK
I object! My client informs me the check was specifically earmarked for the victims of the Delhi flood and was never intended for His Reverence's personal use.

VELIE
Your Honor...!

In one sudden motion, Gupta Pradesh rises from the witness stand and stalks floatingly out of the courtroom.

289 thru 293 SEVERAL ANGLES

Mack, Hoover, Velie, Hancock, Judge Langley and the Jurors, all caught unawares, are momentarily speechless.

294 CLOSE SHOT - JUDGE LANGLEY

comes to his feet.

JUDGE LANGLEY
Stop! You have not been dismissed! Guard! Restrain that man! Bring him back to the witness stand!

295 FULL SHOT - COURTROOM

Gupta Pradesh strides up the center aisle as the door guard rushes forward and roughly seizes him around the waist.

296 ANGLE

Hoover jumps up from his seat and, clearing the railing in a sprightly jump, bounds to the old Hindu's rescue by seizing the Guard by the carotid artery and applying pressure. The guard relaxes his grip on the Maharishi and sinks to the floor in a daze. Jurors and reporters are all on their feet, gazing in disbelief, as are Bill and Velie, and Hancock, who is standing at his seat and mopping his brow with a handkerchief. There are gasps and murmurs as court officers rush down the aisle to the guard's aid.

JUDGE LANGLEY
Order! This is a court of justice!
Officers! Restrain the defendant!

297 ANGLE - THE JURORS

watching in shock and disbelief. A stout woman, MRS. CARBONE, wails:

MRS. CARBONE
Oh, my God! Oh, my God!

JUDGE LANGLEY'S VOICE
Return the witness to the stand and see that he doesn't leave it!

298 ANGLE

A struggling mass of twisting bodies as six policemen attempt to wrest a nimble Hoover from the guard and at the same time seize the Maharishi and raise him aloft above their heads.

299 CLOSE SHOT - JAMES HANCOCK

watching in shock -- his face flushed and apoplectic. He seems to have trouble breathing.

300 CLOSE SHOT - ARTIST'S SKETCH

The artist's hand furiously sketches the activity, playing up the ferocity of the ongoing encounter.

301 CLOSE SHOT - HANCOCK

It is suddenly all too much for the old man. His hand goes to his throat to loosen his tie as he gasps for breath and, reeling unsteadily, makes for the courtroom doors.

302 CLOSE SHOT - BILL

He reacts upon seeing...

303 CLOSE SHOT - HANCOCK

struggling to get through the door, buffeted and sent reeling by tides of court officers entering. The NOISE is deafening.

304 CLOSE SHOT - BILL

CAMERA PANS WITH him as he pushes his way through the clot of struggling humanity, en route to Hancock's aid.

305 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE COURTROOM DOOR - DAY

Hancock's hand stretches for support to the wall to the side of the courtroom door. His face is twisted in pain and his breathing is labored. He manages to place his back against the wall before he slowly collapses to the floor in a sitting position.

306 ANGLE

Bill fights his way through the courtroom door and almost immediately sees Hancock down on the floor. Kneeling beside the old man, Bill quickly loosens his collar. Hancock, who is breathing with exertion, attempts a smile and starts to speak.

BILL
Don't talk.

Hancock holds up his hand weakly in a demurring gesture.

HANCOCK
(scarcely audible)
But I must talk...
(smiles)
Under American law, a man's dying words are held to be sacred --
(gazes at Bill sadly)
I... I'm sorry that you misunderstood ... my motives... Mr. Templeton...

Bill rises hurriedly and grabs the arm of a court officer about to enter the courtroom.

BILL
Officer, this man needs medical help.

The officer gazes at the dying man, nods quickly and hurries off. Bill bends down to Hancock.

(CONTINUED)

306 CONTINUED:

BILL
(continuing;
reassuringly)
Help is coming.

HANCOCK
(weakly)
-- I need no help. I have lived and died before.

A painful spasm seizes him. Bill's face is anguished. Hancock attempts to smile.

HANCOCK
(continuing)
It's nothing to fear, Mr. Templeton. ... It's just... going off to sleep... and sliding into... the next time...

Hancock's eyes flutter closed. Bill stares at him, mesmerized. And then Hancock's eyes snap open. He seems to be looking at Bill, then through Bill, and beyond him into some vast ethereal infinity. His face becomes radiant, and a surprised and wondrous joy invades the features of the old face, and he cries out:

HANCOCK
(continuing)
-- Oh, my...!

His eyes close and his body goes limp in death.

307 CLOSE SHOT - BILL

Staring, uncomprehending and in shock, Bill slowly rises, and silently backs away from the man who just a moment ago was throbbing with life and who now is so still and at peace.

308 OMITTED

309 OMITTED

310 OMITTED

311 OMITTED

312 INT. DETENTION WING CORRIDOR - CLOSE SHOT (TRACKING) - DAY

OF Elliot Hoover, walking down the long corridor of the detention wing en route to the courtroom. There is a bruise on his cheek, and a bandaid above his eye, yet his face is bright and alert and flushed with confidence. His lips seem to hover at the point of a smile. A guard walks beside him, his expression vigilant.

313 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The courtroom is packed this morning as Elliot Hoover is led through the holding room door and up to the defense table. A BABBLE OF VOICES is a constant presence. Heads turn and people rise to get a look at Hoover as he enters. Velie turns a cynical face toward the defendant as he's seated. Brice Mack has risen at the appearance of his client and awaits him with outstretched hand. This morning, however, Mack's customary cheerfulness and expression of confidence are missing. Instead, the attorney seems depressed and in need of a shave. Noting the bright, rapacious look on his client's face, Brice Mack comments in a subdued voice:

MACK
You seem unduly chipper this morning considering we lost our key witness.

HOOVER
What happened yesterday; the gross and shameful degradation of a saint; the sudden death of a key witness... these were not simply arbitrary occurences, but necessary steps in a larger and infinitely complex movement of events that will inevitably lead to a predetermined conclusion. The verdict is already in, Mr. Mack. The machine purrs smoothly under its own management. Even now, as we sit and chat, forces are aligning themselves to produce those witnesses whose testimony will allow me to help that tormented child before it's too late.

To Mack, Hoover's statement is pure loony-bin talk.

(CONTINUED)

313 CONTINUED:

MACK
You mind letting me in on who 'those witnesses' are?

Hoover is distracted by the appearance of Janice, O.S.

314 HIS POV

There is a noticeable hush as Janice and Bill walk down the center aisle of the courtroom.

314 CONTINUED:

Curious spectators, some wearing turbans, track their progress to their seats. Janice seems cowed by the attention, holds her head down, and allows Bill to steer her down to the witness row, opposite from where Elliot Hoover is sitting. But Janice studiously keeps her head averted.

315 BACK TO SCENE

Hoover is no longer smiling. Gazing across toward Janice, his eyes reflect a sadness and a pity deeply felt. Softly he says to Brice Mack:

HOOVER
Call Janice Templeton. She knows the truth.

MACK
(as to a child)
Her aim is to put you in jail, Mr. Hoover.

BAILIFF'S VOICE
Quiet in the courtroom. Rise!

As Mack and Hoover rise, Hoover urgently whispers to him:

HOOVER
Put me on the stand! I'll convince the jury!

MACK
And let the D.A. have at you? Never!

316 ANGLE

Judge Langley walks briskly to the bench and sits. When all are seated, Judge Langley fixes Brice Mack with a hard look.

JUDGE LANGLEY
Mr. Mack, before we commence, I want to say that if you cannot control the defendant, I will place him under restraint. Is that understood?

MACK
Yes, Your Honor.

JUDGE LANGLEY
Call your next witness.

MACK
The defense calls Mary Lou Sides!

317 CLOSE SHOT - DOOR

The great seal on the door is broken as the doors open, revealing MARY LOU SIDES, a pretty woman in her late twenties, sitting in a wheelchair. The CAMERA TRACKS BACK WITH her as the guard wheels her down the center aisle.

318 thru 323 SEVERAL ANGLES - BILL, JANICE, VELIE, HOOVER AND THE JURY

The CAMERA CUTS FROM face TO face, all displaying varying degrees of puzzlement as Mary Lou Sides is wheeled to the forefront of the courtroom, and sworn in, O.S.

BAILIFF'S VOICE
... Do you solemnly swear that the testimony you may give in the case now pending before this court shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

SIDES' VOICE
I do.

324 ANGLE

Mary Lou Sides remains seated in the wheelchair, which has been positioned in front of the witness stand. Brice Mack approaches her in a soft and tender manner.

MACK
Ten years ago, Miss Sides -- nineteen sixty-six -- October 7th -- you were driving on the Pennsylvania Turnpike, is that correct? *

SIDES
Yes.

MACK
And you had an accident?

SIDES
Yes.

MACK
An accident that left you paralyzed?

SIDES
(quietly)
Yes.

(CONTINUED)

324 CONTINUED:

MACK
Who was in the other car?

SIDES
A woman named Sylvia Flora Hoover.
And her daughter. Audrey Rose.

325 CLOSE SHOT - HOOVER

The testimony of Mary Lou Sides throws a mantle of grief about him.

MACK'S VOICE
Now I want you to tell the jury, Miss Sides, exactly what happened that morning, as you saw it.

326 MED. ANGLE

The CAMERA INCHES IN ON Mary Lou Sides as she speaks.

SIDES
I was on my way to work, traveling East. It was storming --

Slowly her voice changes as she starts reliving the experience.

SIDES
(continuing)
-- sheets of rain and hail -- I couldn't see -- I tried to slow the car down -- but it began to skid -- I tried to control the car, but I couldn't -- the wheel just twisted around in my hands... then...
(her eyes fill with terror)
-- there was this car coming toward me -- a big sedan -- and we hit each other -- we crashed...
(sobbing now)
... we crashed...

JUDGE LANGLEY
Are you able to go on, Miss Sides?

After a moment; succeeding in controlling her emotions:

SIDES
Yes, I am.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

326 CONTINUED:

SIDES (CONT'D)
We crashed and... and the other car went over the guard rail... and down this steep embankment. It landed in a gully... upside down... in the rain... the wheels still turning and turning...

327 CLOSE SHOT - HOOVER

His face is like granite; his eyes are filled with tears.

SIDES' VOICE
... and then I saw -- I saw the face of a girl -- a little girl -- looking out of the window of the car -- and she was screaming -- screaming and crying -- 'DaddyDaddyDaddy.'

328 CLOSE SHOT

The CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY IN ON Janice. Her face is florid. Her eyes are wide and staring, in the grip of a premonition too horrible to contemplate.

SIDES' VOICE
-- and all at once the car was swallowed up in flames -- It was horrible -- I could see the girl screaming and screaming and beating her hands against the window -- and screaming. 'HotHotHot...'

329 EXT. MOUNT CARMEL SCHOOL PLAYING FIELD - DAY

THROUGH ROARING FLAMES we SEE IN CLOSEUP Ivy's beautiful face, transfixed, hypnotized. The flames weave up and around her face, obscuring it, finding and losing it in its fiery tongues.

330 ANGLE UP - SNOWMAN

now crowned, grins down through plumes of black smoke; snow melting, falling, dribbling down its face.

331 LONG SHOT - CHANCELLERY WINDOW - MOTHER VERONICA

The Mother Superior gazes down at the pagan rite taking place below. The CAMERA ZOOMS IN SLOWLY ON her face, as her face reacts sharply to something she sees O.S.

332 HER POV - DOWN ANGLE

The Girls are dancing and chanting as they circle around the snowman, at whose base a huge bonfire burns. Ivy now begins to walk slowly toward it, as if in a trance. But all are gazing upward at the snowman's melting face, and fail to see her.

GIRLS
Old man Winter disappear
Stay away for one more year.

333 BACK TO SCENE

The Mother Superior's face reacts in horror, and she screams and pounds at the window, but she cannot be heard.

334 ANGLE - IVY

SEEN THROUGH a wall of flames as she edges TOWARD CAMERA.

335 CLOSE SHOT - MOTHER SUPERIOR

tries to budge the window, but the rested hinges seem immovable. Finally throws her entire weight against the window, forces it open, and screams:

MOTHER VERONICA
Stop her! Stop her!

The ROAR of the FLAMES and CHANTING obscure her cries.

GIRLS' VOICES
Old man Winter go away
Don't come back till Christmas day.

336 CLOSE SHOT

The head of the snowman, hideously disfigured, slopes down its melting shoulders. Flames and black smoke shoot overhead.

337 CLOSE SHOT - MOTHER VERONICA

The flames and smoke ROAR UP, obscuring her screaming face.

MOTHER VERONICA
The child! The child! Stop her!

338 ANGLE

Ivy is engulfed in flames, on her knees now, crawling into the fire. The CHANTING ESCALATES.

GIRLS' VOICES
Old man Winter, dead and gone
But his memory lingers on.

339 CLOSE SHOT

One Nun, seeing Ivy, screams in terror which is swallowed up by the din of CHANTING. Several nuns run INTO FRAME. CAMERA PANS WITH them as they shield themselves with their black cloaks, and run into the fire. CAMERA ZOOMS IN TO Ivy's face among the flames as they beat their hands about her, throw snow, scream for help, the Girls scream now. Ivy's eyes are glazed, her face impassive, and the flames cover her from view.

340 INT. DOCTOR'S HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

CAMERA TRACKS BACK DOWN the long, cold corridor of the Doctors' Hospital, in advance of Bill and DR. WEBSTER, and in their immediate b.g., Mother Veronica and Janice, as they stride briskly down to Ivy's room. Bill's face is grim.

DR. WEBSTER
... Lucky she was so well bundled and there was all that snow around. Her body was completely untouched. Her face took some heat, however there's no indication of respiratory tract damage...

341 CLOSE ANGLE

Mother Veronica's face is stiffly self-righteous.

MOTHER VERONICA
Nothing like this has ever happened at Mount Carmel, Mrs. Templeton. And it needn't have happened this time. What I'm saying is that it was no accident. Your daughter literally walked, then crawled into that fire.

Janice's pale face remains inert. They turn a corner, come to a door. The Doctor opens the door, revealing, in the room beyond, Ivy sitting up in bed, with a nurse nearby.

342 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

Ivy's face seems slightly sunburned. Her long blonde hair is singed in a ragged bob. The sight of Bill and Janice stirs her bruised senses and tears rush to her eyes.

IVY
Daddy! Mom!

The CAMERA PANS WITH Bill and Janice as they hurry to Ivy.

(CONTINUED)

342 CONTINUED:

DR. WEBSTER
Don't touch her.

Bill falls to his knees at Ivy's bedside.

BILL
(choked)
Baby, baby. It's all right.

Janice has paused at the foot of the bed, stands gazing in silent horror at her injured child.

IVY
(hysterically)
T-They say I walked into the fire on purpose, and I don't remember anything about it!

Bill's face grows taut with fear as the same doubts he experienced at Hancock's death return to assail him. At length, he licks his lips, recovers his poise.

BILL
Who says you did that?

Ivy's eyes go to Mother Veronica.

IVY
Mother did.

BILL
(with little conviction)
She's wrong!

Bill turns a hard, angry face on Mother Veronica.

BILL
(continuing)
What do you build fires for anyway? What kind of business is that in a convent? We send our children to you for peace and protection, and you build fires.

Mother Veronica sighs deeply and shuts her eyes. Then, clutching her beads, she turns and leaves the room.

343 CLOSE SHOT - IVY

Lost, frightened, sobbing, she gazes into Bill's eyes.

(CONTINUED)

343 CONTINUED:

IVY
What's happening to me, Daddy?
What made me do such a thing?

BILL
It was an accident, baby...

344 CLOSE SHOT

The CAMERA MOVES IN ON Janice's face, as her eyes widen with the growing knowledge that her child is indeed the innocent victim of a dead girl's need to escape this earth life.

IVY'S VOICE
... But how could it have happened?
Why? Why did I do it...? Why,
Daddy -- ?

BILL'S VOICE
... It's all right now, princess.
It's all over...

But from the look on Janice's face, we know that she knows that it isn't over.

345 INT. BILL AND JANICE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The lights of the city gleam and glisten in the clear night. CAMERA TRACKS BACK FROM the window vista and INTO the bedroom. A small lamp on the night table illumines Janice, seated on a chair, gazing fixedly out into the night. Dressed in her robe, it is obvious that sleep has eluded her. Her expression combines fear, confusion and indecision. CAMERA MOVES DOWN TO her lap, upon which rests a copy of "THE BHAGVAD GITA," open to a page.

346 INT. CORRIDOR AND COURTROOM - LONG TRACKING SHOT - DAY

CAMERA HOLDING A BIG CLOSEUP of Janice as she exits the elevator and moves somewhat woodenly across the corridor, past newspeople, guards, and through the courtroom doors, and down the center aisle. We are vaguely aware of Bill, following closely behind her. Janice's expression mirrors the same doubts, confusion and fear that have plagued her through the sleepless night. The SOUNDS of a packed courtroom BATTER our ears, and no one seems to pay much attention to the Templetons as they wend their way through groups of people en route to the forefront of the court. Suddenly, Janice's eyes widen and become alert as she sees in the distance:

347 HER POV - TRACKING

In the distance, through clots of spectators and court people, can be SEEN the figure of Elliot Hoover, with his BACK TO CAMERA, seated with his attorney at the defense table.

348 BACK TO SCENE - TRACKING

Janice's pale, drawn face seems revitalized with each step she takes now, and her movement is more definitive and purposeful as she approaches the forefront of the courtroom.

349 HER POV - TRACKING

CAMERA MOVES CLOSER TO Hoover and Brice Mack.

350 BACK TO SCENE

Janice is striding erectly now, and purposefully toward the separating railing, her eyes fixed on Hoover. Behind her, Bill has paused at their row, and realizing that Janice is not with him, gestures to her in confusion.

BILL
-- Janice...!

The SOUND of courtroom CHATTER diminishes gradually as people start to notice Janice's strange behavior, as she ignores Bill and walks directly up to the railing, where she remains, staring blatantly at Hoover's back, silently beseeching his attention through eyes that, though large and haunted, are luminous with determination.

351 ANGLE - SPECTATORS

watching Janice standing at the railing, their interest piqued by this new and dramatic change in her.

352 ANGLE - HOOVER AND BRICE MACK

We SEE their backs as they sit at the defense table, engaged in conversation. But as the hush descends over the courtroom, they pause and turn. CAMERA MOVES IN ON Hoover, as he reacts upon seeing Janice, O.S.

353 CLOSE SHOT - JANICE

She stares at Elliot Hoover, O.S.

354 CLOSE SHOT - HOOVER

He rises slowly. His eyes meet Janice's, O.S., and search them deeply, and with humility.

355 CLOSE SHOT - JANICE

She stares frankly and openly at the defendant, bestowing her trust and faith and more -- a willingness now to help.

356 CLOSE SHOT - BILL

Utter confusion fills his face as he watches the blatant passage of looks between his wife and Elliot Hoover.

357 CLOSE SHOT - SCOTT VELIE

The prosecutor has risen and steps nervously into a CLOSE SHOT, his face fearful.

358 ANGLE

CAMERA PANS FROM Janice, still gazing at Hoover, TO Hoover, staring back at her, the giving and accepting of each other's trust, TO Brice Mack, his expression mirroring a look of wonderment at this strange and uplifting turn in his sagging case. CAMERA MOVES IN ON Mack as he softly utters...

MACK
Well, well -- this machine of yours may be puttering along after all.

359 CLOSE SHOT - STENOTYPIST'S HANDS

recording the testimony of Janice Templeton.

MACK'S VOICE
... And you had a visitor that night?

JANICE'S VOICE
Yes. Mr. Hoover came to the apartment house at about eleven.

360 CLOSE SHOT - BILL

slouched in his seat, his face focused miserably on Janice.

MACK'S VOICE
Did you ask him up?

JANICE'S VOICE
Yes.

MACK'S VOICE
Why did you ask him up?

JANICE'S VOICE
Because I needed help.

(CONTINUED)

360 CONTINUED:

MACK'S VOICE
But wasn't the doctor coming?

JANICE'S VOICE
I needed help immediately.

361 CLOSE SHOT - SCOTT VELIE

gazing grimly toward the witness stand.

MACK'S VOICE
Then why didn't you send for the police? Or an ambulance? Or one of the elevator men?

JANICE'S VOICE
I needed Mr. Hoover's help!

Velie rises slowly.

VELIE
Your Honor, if the Court pleases, it has come to my attention that Mrs. Templeton suffered a severe trauma yesterday brought about by the injury of her daughter in an accident. Mrs. Templeton is in a highly emotional state and I feel she should be spared the burden of testifying at this time.

362 ANGLE

Mack takes a step toward Velie.

MACK
Your Honor, this is patently a device by the prosecution to prevent this witness from testifying because he knows the witness' testimony will destroy the prosecution's case.

JUDGE LANGLEY
Mrs. Templeton, are you able to continue?

JANICE
Yes, I'm all right. I want to continue.

(CONTINUED)

362 CONTINUED:

JUDGE LANGLEY
Proceed, Mr. Mack.

MACK
And did Mr. Hoover help you?

JANICE
Yes, he came into the apartment and began calling to her, saying: 'Audrey Rose! It's Daddy! I'm here!'

MACK
And those words calmed your daughter?

JANICE
Yes, almost at once. She seemed to recognize him, and rushed into his arms, and then, as he was comforting her, she just fell asleep.

Mack takes a long beat, flashes a glance at the jury before turning back to Janice with his bombshell.

MACK
Mrs. Templeton, do you believe in reincarnation?

JANICE
Yes. I do now.

363 CLOSE SHOT - BILL

gazing at Janice in disbelief.

MACK'S VOICE
Mrs. Templeton, do you believe that your daughter, Ivy, is the reincarnation of Mr. Hoover's daughter, Audrey Rose?

JANICE'S VOICE
I do.

364 CLOSE SHOT - HOOVER

staring at Janice, his face illuminated, his eyes moist with tears.

MACK'S VOICE
Mrs. Templeton, do you believe that Mr. Hoover kidnapped your daughter?

365 CLOSE SHOT - JANICE

Her eyes fixed on Elliot Hoover.

JANICE
(tears fill her eyes)
No, I do not. I believe that the only help my child will ever get on this earth will be through Mr. Hoover. The only chance she has of living is if this man is released from jail...

Janice is overcome by tears. The moment is electric. MURMURS rise and a building swell of APPLAUSE.

JUDGE LANGLEY'S VOICE
Order!

366 CLOSE SHOT - BILL

sitting slumped forward, staring unseeing ahead, an awful betrayed look on his face, as the APPLAUSE diminishes.

MACK'S VOICE
(loudly, clearly)
Your Honor, the defense rests!

JUDGE LANGLEY'S VOICE
Mr. Velie, you may cross-examine.

367 ANGLE - SCOTT VELIE

He smiles in an effort to put a good face on a bad situation.

VELIE
Your Honor, in the light of Mrs. Templeton's testimony, and because of her overwrought condition, I request a recess until tomorrow morning.

368 FULL SHOT - THE COURTROOM

The silence is palpable, the tension unbearable.

JUDGE LANGLEY
Very well. Court will reconvene at nine o'clock in the morning.

Judge Langley rises.

369 thru 372 SEVERAL ANGLES

Spectators scramble noisily to their feet. Reporters launch a wild gallop to the doors.

373 CLOSE SHOT - JANICE

In the midst of pandemonium, Janice remains seated in the witness chair, her stricken face lowered, striving to control the tears. CAMERA MOVES IN as she looks up and sees:

374 HER POV

Before her blurred vision stands Elliot Hoover, in the front of the thronged courtroom, gazing at her, tears formed in his eyes, smiling and nodding "Thank you, thank you."

375 BACK TO SCENE

Janice returns his deeply passionate communication in a barely perceptible nod, then dares to shift her attention to Bill. And when she does, her eyes grow lost and haunted.

376 HER POV

CAMERA ZOOMS THROUGH masses of people TO Bill's empty seat.

377 EXT. CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING STEPS - DOWN ANGLE - DAY

From the vantage point of Scott Velie's office window on the fifth floor of the Criminal Courts building, we SEE the slim figure of Janice Templeton descending the courthouse steps. She walks slowly to a line of taxis parked in front of the building and enters the first one. It drives off.

378 EXT./INT. OFFICE WINDOW - SCOTT VELIE

The prosecutor is standing at the office window, watching Janice's departure. He remains at the window, then sees:

379 HIS POV

Now Bill Templeton emerges from the building and descends the steps and walks off in the opposite direction.

380 INT. SCOTT VELIE'S OFFICE - VELIE

With a grim and determined expression, Velie goes to his desk and presses the intercom.

VELIE
Ruth, place a call to Doctor's Hospital in Port Chester, New York. I'd like to speak to the physician in charge of Ivy Templeton's case.

381 INT. JUDGE LANGLEY'S CHAMBER - DAY

Brice Mack and Scott Velie are seated across from Judge Langley's desk. The room is spare, simple and totally functional. Brice Mack seems ready to explode and does.

MACK
Goddamnit! You're not going to get away with this!

JUDGE LANGLEY
Control your language, Mr. Mack.

MACK
I'm sorry, Your Honor, but the whole thing's outlandish. A test like that could not possibly be conclusive, and it could prove dangerous to the child.

JUDGE LANGLEY
What about that, Mr. Velie? There is an area of danger here, isn't there?

VELIE
The father has granted his permission, Your Honor, and I have been assured by the doctor attending Ivy Templeton that she is physically able to withstand the test. He foresees no problems arising from such an experiment, and is even willing to provide us with facilities to conduct it.

JUDGE LANGLEY
(wearily)
Are there any precedents for such an experiment?

Velie quickly consults his notebook.

VELIE
Yes, Your Honor. The case of Wyler versus Fairchild Hiller Corporation, September 13, 1974, U.S. Court of Appeals, 9th Circuit, Case 73-2480, permitted a witness to testify after undergoing regressive hypnosis, and did not consider it an abuse of discretion.

(CONTINUED)

381 CONTINUED:

MACK
(interposing)
Don't you see what he's trying to do, Your Honor. He's trying to stampede the jury, give them a circus show for the sole purpose of ridiculing my client and his beliefs.

Judge Langley sighs and leans back in his chair.

JUDGE LANGLEY
This will take some consideration.
(to Mack)
Since I have permitted the defendant a wide latitude in presenting his case, can I now place arbitrary restrictions on the prosecution's right to seek its own path to the truth?
(to Velie)
However, there is the question of the child's welfare, and what safeguards can be provided to insure that the persons conducting the test are highly qualified to do so.
(he sighs deeply, sorely tried)
I will hope to have an answer before court convenes in the morning.

Mack and Velie rise. Velie nods and leaves. Mack fidgets nervously a moment, then shaking his head, he too departs.

382 EXT. DES ARTISTES - LONG SHOT - DAWN

Dawn spreads across the city, and the stately building.

383 INT. TEMPLETON APARTMENT - FULL SHOT - DAWN

The soft light of the new day filters through the tall windows, shedding a solemn and lonesome glow on the elegant room, and on Janice, sitting immobile in her rocker, dressed in robe and slippers. The MUSIC of SCRIABIN pours forth from the HI-FI. She seems dazed, worn out and terribly alone; sitting in the center of the only world she has ever known and loved, and is losing.

384 CLOSE SHOT - JANICE

Then her eyes narrow slightly as they face upon an object across the room, and tears begin to form.

385 HER POV

Nestled among the bric-a-brac on the exquisite boulle writing desk, is the framed photo Janice took, depicting a smiling Bill and Ivy. The TELEPHONE RINGS.

386 LONG SHOT - JANICE

At last, the JANGLING, GRATING SOUNDS succeed in breaking through her dream state, and she slowly rises to answer it. CAMERA HOLDS LONG SHOT as she moves to the telephone and picks it up.

JANICE
(subdued)
Yes?

CAMERA TRACKS INTO Janice as we continue to HEAR the unintelligible VOICE of a WOMAN BUZZING through the receiver. The effect of what she is saying is mirrored in Janice's eyes. At first, they reflect disbelief.

JANICE
W-What?
(then shock)
The hospital...? When?
(she consults her watch)
I -- I don't... believe it...

She stands there stunned, as the BUZZING VOICE punches across the grisly details, all of which are unintelligible to us.

JANICE
(continuing; appalled)
... And my husband has given his permission for this...?

Now Janice's expression mirrors more than disbelief and shock; it reveals pure animal terror. She quickly lowers the phone.

387 CLOSE SHOT - TELEPHONE

The BUZZING VOICE is abruptly cut off as the phone is placed on the cradle. CAMERA TILTS UP TO SEE -- the framed photograph, and ZOOMS SLOWLY IN ON the smiling face of Ivy.

388 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - TRACKING - DAY

Her hair wind-blown, boots wet from snow, Janice hurries up the corridor, looking at room numbers. Then, a figure in the distance attracts her attention, and her face briefly reflects hope. She increases her pace and calls out.

(CONTINUED)

388 CONTINUED:

JANICE
Judge Langley -- !

389 ANGLE - JUDGE LANGLEY

is standing at a door, removing his overcoat, as he turns toward Janice who rushes up to him breathlessly. From the expression on Langley's face, we know that it's an encounter he would have wished to avoid.

JANICE
Judge Langley. I object to this test. I won't have my child submit to it.

JUDGE LANGLEY
(sighs)
Madame, under normal circumstances I would give every consideration to your wishes; however, your husband has equal rights of consent in this matter, and the defendant, Mr. Hoover, has also consented to it...

JANICE
(taken aback)
-- What -- ? He wants the test?

JUDGE LANGLEY
Yes, he has overruled his attorney's objections and most strongly wishes it to take place.

Janice is speechless. Langley continues on a softer note.

JUDGE LANGLEY
(continuing)
What we are doing is no doubt highly unusual, but this is a criminal case. The charge is a very serious one, and should the defendant be found guilty, he will be subject to very severe penalties. In consideration of that and in the interest of justice, I must deny your request...

Janice moves away from Judge Langley, CAMERA HOLDING A BIG CLOSE. She walks slowly, automaton-like, her face white and filled with terror. Langley's voice follows her progress, fading as her speed increases.

(CONTINUED)

389. CONTINUED:

JUDGE LANGLEY'S VOICE
(continuing)
...But rest assured, we have taken every precaution to ensure the safety of your child. We have brought in the best psychiatrists...

390. INT. IVY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Ivy, fully dressed is sitting on the bed, chatting with Dr. Webster and a MALE PSYCHIATRIST as the door is flung open by Janice. She remains on the threshold, panting, a glint of animal intensity in her eyes, as she takes in the scene of Ivy and her captors. Ivy smiles nervously.

IVY
Hi, Mom.

Dr. Webster and the psychiatrist rise, smiling. Janice tries to return their smile, but fails. Her voice trembles.

JANICE
May I have a few moments alone with my daughter?

DR. WEBSTER
Certainly.

Dr. Webster and the psychiatrist leave the room. Seeing the stricken look on her mother's face, Ivy smiles.

IVY
They're going to hypnotize me to find out why I'm doing all these terrible things.

JANICE
Well, you're not going through with it. I'm not going to let them do it.

Ivy's eyes turn grave and anxious.

IVY
But I want to. I want to know what's wrong with me.
(then, quietly)
I want to know who I am.

There is a moment of shocked silence before Janice can speak.

(CONTINUED)

390. CONTINUED:

JANICE
Who you are? You're Ivy. My child.

IVY
But Mr. Hoover says I'm his child.

JANICE
(sudden outburst)
You're Ivy!

Tears form in Ivy's eyes, and she begins to weep softly.

IVY
I-I'm not sure anymore who I am, Mom, and I want to know...

JANICE
(tautly)
I'm taking you home with me!

BILL'S VOICE
Janice!

391 CLOSE SHOT - BILL

stands at the open door, his eyes fixed on Janice. Keeping his voice under control, he softly speaks:

BILL
I'd like to talk to you, Janice. Outside.

392 CAMERA WIDENS ANGLE

Janice gazes from Bill to Ivy in a sort of dumstruck way, then follows him out into the corridor.

393 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Dr. Webster and the psychiatrist stand a short distance down the corridor. Closing the door behind them, Bill turns to Janice, but before he can speak, she softly pleads...

JANICE
You mustn't let them do this to her...

BILL
I know what you want, Janice. You want me to turn my child over to Elliot Hoover.

JANICE
I want what's best for her.

BILL
I'm doing what's best for her.

Bill tries to get past her, but Janice prevents it.

JANICE
I'm her mother. It's my decision to make, too!

(CONTINUED)

393 CONTINUED:

BILL
No, Janice, the Judge has ruled differently. You're so psyched-out by Hoover that you're practically a witness for the defense. He's got you spooked. Face it.
(tries to get by her)
Now, if you don't mind, Court is in session.

Janice clings to him in tears.

JANICE
Bill, for God's sake, don't do this!

BILL
(his voice rising)
Don't do what? Don't destroy the man who's trying to rob me of my family?

JANICE
Don't destroy our child!

Bill gazes at her intensely, and holding tight to his temper, very deliberately disengages himself from her grasp.

BILL
Janice, until this is over, I want you to stay away from Ivy.
(to Dr. Webster)
Dr. Webster, I don't want Ivy disturbed...

Dr. Webster nods and he and the psychiatrist re-enter Ivy's room and close the door behind them. Then, with a glance that holds a combination of pity and sorrow, Bill walks away from Janice. In tears, she sways faintly, and leans against the wall for balance. There is, in her expression, the drained and hopeless look of a thoroughly defeated person.

394 INT. OBSERVATION BOOTH - DAY

The murky image of DR. STEVEN LIPSCOMB is SEEN through a one-way mirror. He is standing in a room that is softly lit, and barren of decor, save for a leather chaise and a hard-backed chair. He is a man in his fifties, and is addressing the long rectangular mirror. CAMERA TRACKS BACK TO REVEAL the assembled court crammed together in the observation booth. The jurors sit crushed against the glass window with Judge Langley sitting in their midst.

(CONTINUED)

394 CONTINUED:

The D.A. and Brice Mack share a bench in the upper left quarter. In front of them sits the Court Reporter with steno-typer. Elliot Hoover, with guard in attendance, sits in the lower right quarter.

DR. LIPSCOMB
What we are attempting this morning is unique in the annals of psychiatry. To regress a subject hypnotically into a former lifetime, has never, to my knowledge, fallen within the purview of serious psychiatric inquiry...

395 ANGLE - THE DOOR OF THE BOOTH - BILL

enters and sits in a chair behind Hoover.

DR. LIPSCOMB'S VOICE
True, there are hypnotists who have had subjects claim, under hypnosis, that they have lived before, and who, in the hypnotic state, had spoken languages that they did not know in the awakened state...

396 INT. RECREATION ROOM - DAY

Dr. Lipscomb's image flickers dully over the television monitors. As he continues to speak, the CAMERA PANS SLOWLY AROUND TO SEE the assembled group of reporters, listening intently, then MOVES PAST them TO the open doorway at the far end of the hall to SEE Janice, a lone, lost figure slowly moving toward the recreation hall. Arriving at the open doorway, she pauses, helplessly. Her eyes seek out a nearby television monitor.

DR. LIPSCOMB'S VOICE
I, for one, have never witnessed such an event. However, since I have agreed to conduct this test, I will do so to the very best of my ability.

397 CLOSE SHOT - TV MONITOR

Dr. Lipscomb pauses a moment before continuing with:

DR. LIPSCOMB
I will now bring in the subject.

398 CLOSE SHOT - JANICE

She has gradually retreated to the side of the door jamb, so that she is now watching the monitor with only one eye, as a child watches a horror movie, through finger cracks.

399 INT. TESTING ROOM - DAY

When Dr. Lipscomb opens the door, we SEE Ivy and Dr. Webster. Lipscomb takes Ivy's hand and escorts her into the room. He leads her to the chaise and gestures her to sit down. She does so, tucking one foot under her. Lipscomb has removed a pencil light and moves its beam across Ivy's eyes:

DR. LIPSCOMB
Relax, Ivy. Relax and allow every muscle in your body to become limp and loose. As we discussed this morning, you will not be harmed in any way, but simply feel very tired, very tired, so tired that you will wish to fall asleep for a while -- You will not mind falling asleep for a while.

IVY
(lightly)
No, I don't mind.

DR. LIPSCOMB
Good. Soon you will begin to feel tired, so tired, so tired...

As he speaks, his voice becoming more and more metronomic, Ivy's eyes begin to soften, begin to lose their intensity, and she gradually relaxes back onto the chaise.

400 thru 406 INT. OBSERVATION BOOTH - SEVERAL ANGLES - THE JURORS, LANGLEY, VELIE, MACK, HOOVER AND BILL

all at rapt attention.

DR. LIPSCOMB
Look at the light now, Ivy. Keep watching it... Now, as you're watching the light, you're beginning to feel your eyes growing heavy. Your eyelids are getting heavier and you're finding it harder and harder to keep them open...

407 CLOSE SHOT - IVY

The beam of light plays lazily about her vision and her eyelids begin to flutter and grow heavy.

(CONTINUED)

407 CONTINUED:

DR. LIPSCOMB'S VOICE
... Your eyelids are so heavy, so heavy, so heavy, you cannot keep them open -- so heavy you must close them, must close them, close them, close them...

Ivy's eyes close now, and remain closed.

DR. LIPSCOMB'S VOICE
(continuing)
... There, you cannot open your eyes, they're so tired, so tired, they simply must stay closed. You're safe and snug and fully asleep now. Fully asleep.

408 INT. TESTING ROOM - IVY AND DR. LIPSCOMB

DR. LIPSCOMB
... So fully asleep, that even if you wanted to open your eyes, you couldn't. Try, Ivy, try to open your eyes...

Ivy tries to open her eyes, but cannot.

DR. LIPSCOMB
(continuing)
You are so tired you cannot open them... cannot open them...

409 CLOSE SHOT - HOOVER AND BILL

Both are SEEN gazing ahead in total fascination.

DR. LIPSCOMB'S VOICE
You are fully asleep now. If I wish to awaken you, I will count to five. At the count of five, I will say, 'Awaken, Ivy!' and you will awaken promptly. Do you understand?

IVY'S VOICE
(weak, pallid)
Yes.

410 INT. TESTING ROOM - IVY AND LIPSCOMB

Dr. Lipscomb pockets the pencil light and settles back.

(CONTINUED)

410 CONTINUED:

DR. LIPSCOMB
Now, as you are deeply asleep, and completely relaxed, you're gradually moving back in time. Back, back, Ivy, back in time. You're moving back to your eighth birthday. All right, Ivy, when I count to three, you will be back at your eighth birthday party. One -- two -- three...

In the next instant, an expression of joy appears on Ivy's face -- an inner joy that seems pure and natural.

DR. LIPSCOMB
(continuing)
You are now at your party among your friends. Do you see your friends, Ivy?

Ivy nods and smiles.

DR. LIPSCOMB
(continuing)
Tell me about them. Who is at the party?

IVY
Bettina. Carrie. Mary Ellen. The twins. Peter.

DR. LIPSCOMB
Do you love your presents, Ivy?

411 CLOSE SHOT - JANICE

She stares at the screen, haunted by the memory.

IVY'S VOICE
Oh, yes. I love my Terry doll with travel wardrobe. And the game of Clue that Bettina bought me.

DR. LIPSCOMB'S VOICE
Let us leave this party and go back to an earlier birthday, Ivy. Just relax and move back in time to your fourth birthday party. I will count to three and you will be at your fourth birthday party. Ready! One -- two -- three...

412 INT. TESTING ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - IVY

Her cheeks flame with hurt and resentment.

DR. LIPSCOMB
What a grand birthday cake your parents bought. It's got four lovely candles on it.

IVY
(in the voice of a much younger child)
Five candles. Didn't buy it. Too offenspif. Mommy made it from a magzadine...

413 CLOSE SHOT - JANICE

Her eyes fill with tears at the memory, and at the charming mispronunciations of her four-year-old. Then she is suddenly wrenched back to the SOUNDS of Ivy's SOBS.

414 INT. TESTING ROOM - IVY AND DR. LIPSCOMB

Ivy is huddled in the couch, surrendering herself to heartbreak in wave after wave of sobs.

IVY
He broke it! Stuart broke my monkey! Damn rotten little boy!

415 CLOSE SHOT - BILL

He swallows hard as the scene shoots vividly back to him.

IVY'S VOICE
Damn rotten little boy! Hit him, Daddy! Hit him!

416 BILL'S POV

DR. LIPSCOMB
It's all right, Ivy. It's all right. You're going to move away from that bad memory. You'll leave it now and move back in time even farther. I want you to go way back to a time when you can see and hear and feel and think but you cannot say words. You're a little baby in Mommy's arms now, and Mommy's putting you in your carriage...

(CONTINUED)

416 CONTINUED:

As Dr. Lipscomb speaks, Ivy begins to chortle and smile and express the small discomforts and pleasures of infancy.

417 CLOSE SHOT - JANICE

There is a stirring in the recreation room, and a VOICE nearby is heard to say, "Jesus, look at that." Janice's eyes are filled with tears as the sweetness of this recollection comes back to her with full force.

DR. LIPSCOMB'S VOICE
Very good, Ivy. And now we are going even farther back in time...

418 INT. TESTING ROOM

The CAMERA MOVES IN SLOWLY ON Ivy as the Doctor's VOICE continues the repetitive, insinuating cadence.

DR. LIPSCOMB'S VOICE
... Farther back -- farther back to a time before you were born -- before you were born -- before you were born...

Under the firm note of command, there gradually begins to manifest an overwhelming lethargy in Ivy. Eyes tightly shut, her head reposing on her shoulder, her hands slowly clasp, and her knees draw up to her chest in an approximation of a fetus, whereupon she remains rigidly still.

419 CLOSE SHOT - JANICE

MURMURING RISES in the recreation hall. Janice draws behind the edge of the doorjamb to blot out the sight.

420 CLOSE SHOT - BILL

His face is bathed in sweat, as his eyes strain to see the weird spectacle taking place beyond the mirror.

MRS. CARBONE'S VOICE
My God. She's in her mother's womb.

421 INT. TESTING AREA

Ivy remains in the fetal position, not stirring, as Dr. Lipscomb ploughs ahead, urging, pleading, pushing...

(CONTINUED)

421 CONTINUED:

DR. LIPSCOMB
Back in time -- back in time -- to the time before you existed as yourself. To the time just before you were born -- when you were not Ivy, but were another person -- somebody else... just before you were Ivy...

422 CLOSE SHOT - BILL

There is fear in his eyes now, and his breathing is labored, as he listens to the Doctor's commanding voice.

DR. LIPSCOMB'S VOICE
... Not Ivy -- but somebody else, somebody else... back, back to the last moment you remember in your previous life -- when you were not Ivy, not Ivy, but somebody else, somebody else -- who are you? Who are you? Who are you?

Bill sits mesmerized, shocked by the spectre slowly materializing on the other side of the mirror.

DR. LIPSCOMB'S VOICE
(continuing)
Who are you? Who are you?

423 CLOSE SHOT - IVY

sitting bolt upright, eyes wide open and staring, body rigid, expression startled, warily seeking a persona just beyond reach, on the brink of some startling discovery. Dr. Lipscomb relentlessly projects her onward.

DR. LIPSCOMB
Who are you? Who are you?

Suddenly, Ivy's face freezes. Her eyes grow even wider, beseeching some distant memory which now appears to be at hand, within reach. Her breath quickens. The lines of tension in her face relax into a gradual smile, spreading softly, radiating a warmth so joyous as to be unmistakably that of a homecoming. In the clear voice of a child of five, she calls out:

IVY
Mommy...? Mommy...?

She laughs in peal after peal of rapture and delight.

IVY
(continuing)
Mommy...! Mommy, Mommy, Mommy!

Repeating the word in an unabating litany of happiness, until, gradually, the tone undergoes a subtle change, begins to take on a note of anxiety from fear to fright to strident, screaming horror.

(CONTINUED)

423 CONTINUED:

IVY
(continuing)
Mommy, Mommy, Mommy...!!!
(and building to
shrieks)
-- MOMMY! MOMMY! MOMMY! MOMMY-EEE...!

And she begins swaying back and forth in the chaise, as if the world around her were in motion, rushing past her.

424 CLOSE SHOT - HOOVER

watching stunned, with the knowledge of what is to come.

425 CLOSE SHOT - BILL

His eyes stare feverishly at the image through the murky glass, locked on the horror taking place.

426 INT. TESTING ROOM

As Ivy's scream, "Mommy-eeeeee!" sustains a strident peak, her swaying becomes more and more pronounced -- back and forth, from side to side, forcing her hands to cling to the arms of the chaise and her body to fight to stay upright, to fight this power that seems determined to send her reeling through the air. Dr. Lipscomb displays concern at her behavior.

DR. LIPSCOMB
-- It's all right, Ivy!

IVY
Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee...!

DR. LIPSCOMB
(his voice rising)
It's all right, Ivy! You will leave the memory now! You will move farther back in time away from this memory!

IVY
(shrieks)
Mommmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm-eeeeeeeeeee -- !
Crash! Crash! Crash!

427 CLOSE SHOT - BILL

can contain himself no longer, rises shakily and shouts:

(CONTINUED)

427 CONTINUED:

BILL
I want this test stopped, Mr. Velie!

DR. LIPSCOMB'S VOICE
When I count to three, you will move back in time. One -- two -- three...!

BILL
I want it stopped! Goddamnit, do you hear me?!

DR. LIPSCOMB'S VOICE
-- One -- two -- three...!

BILL
Stop this test! Mr. Velie! Judge Langley! Do you hear me?

428 thru 432 SEVERAL ANGLES - VELIE, LANGLEY, MACK, THE JURORS

They seem not to hear Bill. They sit, shocked into silence by what they are seeing through the mirror.

DR. LIPSCOMB'S VOICE
One -- two -- three -- Do you understand me, Ivy?

433 CLOSE SHOT - HOOVER

His face sweated, his eyes wide and staring.

HOOVER
Not Ivy! She's not Ivy!

434 HIS POV

As SEEN through the murky glass, Ivy's distorted image takes on a fantasy quality, as her body, incapable of longer resisting its own violent and turbulent oscillations, thrusts itself upward from the chaise as if impelled by some irresistible power, sending her staggering to her feet and holding her suspended in space momentarily -- arms outstretched, eyes bulging, the scream dying in her throat -- before dropping her to the floor with a force that can be heard through the speakers.

435 INT. RECREATION HALL - CLOSE SHOT - IVY - OVER TV MONITOR

Her head striking first, her body tumbles over in a bruising somersault, whereupon she remains in a crumpled ball, writhing and trembling in what seems only partial consciousness -- eyes half-closed, a line of blood trickling from her mouth, and the muted, pained moans of a terribly injured person rising and falling in her throat.

(CONTINUED)

435 CONTINUED:

During the above actions, the CAMERA HAS SLOWLY TRACKED BACK FROM the TV monitor to SEE the full assemblage of reporters, some of whom have risen to their feet, watching in deathly silence.

The CAMERA CONTINUES TO TRACK BACK and THROUGH the open doorway of the recreation hall, where we FIND Janice, standing just to the side of the doorway, her back pressed against the wall, staring unseeing in the opposite direction. Her face seems strangely placid, her agony beyond tears, beyond the reach of human emotions. Her lips move constantly, as in prayer.

436 INT. TESTING ROOM - IVY AND DR. LIPSCOMB

The child lays on her back, breathing hard, writhing and moaning ing. Dr. Lipscomb seems stunned and attempts to recover his professional presence by dropping to his knees and placing his trembling fingers on her pulse.

DR. LIPSCOMB
You will now awaken, Ivy! When I count to five, you will awaken and feel rested and well! One -- two -- three -- four -- five -- Awaken, Ivy!

437 CLOSE SHOT - IVY

Her eyes pop open. She sits bolt upright. Panting. Intensely alert. Senses keened. Eyes widening with alarm. Nostrils flared. Head twisting about, rubbed-necking, startled, bird-like, sensing an imminent danger, displaying expressions of fear, panic, horror... she screams!

438 FULL SHOT - THE JURORS AT THE WINDOW

They all flinch. Gasp. Expel their breaths.

439 THEIR POV

Ivy and Dr. Lipscomb, a distorted visage through the mirror.

IVY
(panting in terror)
Mommy, Daddy, mommydaddymommydaddy, hothothothot...

Dr. Lipscomb reaches out to her, but she twists away from his grasp. Stumbling to her feet, her eyes darting frantically about for a path of escape, she sees the mirror, and rushes TOWARD CAMERA with hands outstretched.

(CONTINUED)

439 CONTINUED:

IVY
(continuing)
-- Daddydaddydaddydaddyhothothot...
[continuing]

440 INT. RECREATION HALL - REPORTERS

There is a hum of voices as the reporters move closer to the monitors, which have lost the picture of Ivy and Dr. Lipscomb, though their VOICES can still be HEARD.

IVY'S VOICE
-- Mommydaddymommydaddyhothothot
hot...

DR. LIPSCOMB'S VOICE
One -- two -- three...

A wailing SHRIEK from Ivy starts the exodus from the recreation hall as the reporters give up on the TV and rush to the doors en masse.

441 ANGLE - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE RECREATION HALL

The bodies of the reporters hurtle past Janice, who remains standing by the side of the door, her back pressed against the wall. When the last reporter has fled by her, the CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY IN TO a BIG CLOSE SHOT of her face, and while the VOICE of Ivy SCREAMS her litany, "HOTHOTHOTHOTHOT" in the b.g., Janice softly enunciates the Catholic Prayer For The Dead.

JANICE
'O God, whose property is always to have mercy and to spare, I humbly beseech Thee for the soul of Thy servant, Ivy Templeton, which Thou hast this day commanded to depart out of this world...'

442 INT. TESTING ROOM

Ivy's hands grope toward the mirror, her fear-ravaged face reflected in the glass, seeking the glass, repelled by it, choking, gasping.

IVY
Hothothothot...!
[continuing]

DR. LIPSCOMB
-- Four -- five! Awaken, Ivy!

443 MED. SHOT - HOOVER AND GUARD

Hoover jumps to his feet, bringing the guard up with him.

HOOVER
(a tortured cry)
She's not Ivy, damn you!

444 HIS POV

The child's distorted figure, blurred, ethereal, rushes back and forth across the length of the glass -- her hands beckoning toward it, withdrawing, weeping...

IVY
...Hothothothot...!

... The Doctor in close pursuit of her, reaching out to her, failing to grasp her slithering body.

DR. LIPSCOMB
-- You will obey me, Ivy!

445 CLOSE SHOT - HOOVER

shouting, shudderingly.

HOOVER
Audrey Rose!

446 CLOSE SHOT - BILL

He is on his feet, his face dripping sweat, his eyes drawing the sight into the stunned mind.

447 & 448 SEVERAL ANGLES - LANGLEY, VELIE AND MACK

watching open-mouthed.

449 THEIR POV

Ivy's wild face dances before the glass, breathing heavy, eyes reflecting glints of terror, as she pounds the glass.

IVY
HOTHOTHOTHOTHOTHOTHOT!

450 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE RECREATION HALL - LONG SHOT

The SOUNDS of Ivy's SCREAMS ECHO and REVERBERATE throughout the corridor, deserted but for Janice, who now begins to walk slowly toward the staircase. Her movements seem activated by some inner force not her own. Her expression is dazed.

451 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - IVY

panting, gasping for breath, beating against the glass.

IVY
DADDYDADDYDADDYHOTHOTHOTHOT!

CAMERA PANS TO A CLOSE SHOT of Hoover, in tears.

HOOVER
Audrey, my darling! My darling!
I'm here!

And plunging over chairs and bodies, he stumbles down to the window, where he stands, body splayed against the glass, hands outstretched.

452 CLOSE SHOT - IVY AND DR. LIPSCOMB

Their reflections SEEN in the mirror, Ivy pounding at the glass, her voice growing feeble, her face reddening.

IVY
Hot -- hot -- hot -- hot -- Daddy --
Daddy...
[continuing]

Dr. Lipscomb, grim and perspiring, turns and hurries in frustration to the medical bag.

DR. LIPSCOMB
(en route)
I'll have to give her a sedative,
Your Honor...

453 INT. OBSERVATION BOOTH - CLOSE SHOT - IVY

distorted face coughing, choking, the words dying in her throat.

IVY
-- Hot...!

454 CLOSE SHOT - HOOVER

weeping.

HOOVER
-- Audrey, Audrey...!

455 ANGLE - THE JURORS - FAVORING MRS. CARBONE

In tears, she extends her hands to the struggling child.

(CONTINUED)

455 CONTINUED:

MRS. CARBONE
(pitifully)
Oh, God, she's dying! She's choking to death...!

456 CLOSE SHOT - IVY

clutching her throat, collapsing to her knees, her eyes disappearing upward into her head.

MRS. CARBONE'S VOICE
-- Somebody help her! She's dying!

IVY
-- Daddy-eeeeeeeeeeeee!

457 ANGLE - MRS. CARBONE AND HOOVER

She turns on Hoover, and pummeling his arm, she shouts:

MRS. CARBONE
You're her father! Help her! Help her!

458 CLOSE SHOT - BILL

frozen, staring mutely, a crazed and awful guilt in his eyes.

459 CLOSE SHOT - HOOVER

Slowly, he turns to Mrs. Carbone, his eyes widening, body tensing, and his movements measured and deliberate, he seizes Mrs. Carbone's chair and with a sharp cry:

HOOVER
Audrey Rose!

He swings the chair against the far end of the glass...

460 INT. TESTING ROOM - THE GLASS

IN SLOW MOTION, SHATTERING into glistening splinters.

461 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

The corridor outside the testing room is clogged with reporters. Two N.Y. State Highway Patrolmen stand before the closed door. CAMERA TRACKS BACK TO REVEAL Janice standing on the fringes of the crowd, seeking a passage to the door. Her stoical manner is carefully maintained.

(CONTINUED)

ALTERNATE
ENDING

ALT.
461. CONTINUED:

JANICE
Please let me through.

Upon seeing who she is, a path is immediately cleared for her. At the door, a VOICE informs the policemen.

VOICE
She's the child's mother.

ALT.
462. INT. TESTING ROOM - SUBJECTIVE ANGLE - DAY

The CAMERA is Janice. The policemen at the door open it, and CAMERA TRACKS THROUGH IT, INTO the dimly-lit testing room, filled with quiet MURMURINGS. The SOUND of FOOTSTEPS, gritty against the powdered glass which covers the floor, announces Janice's presence. CAMERA MOVES AROUND Scott Velie, Brice Mack and Judge Langley, standing together just inside the doorway. They glance sober-faced TOWARD CAMERA as Janice passes them. CAMERA PANS AROUND TO the jurors, gathered in a semi-circle, each face reflecting sensations of sadness, awe and disbelief. Mrs. Carbone weeps into a handkerchief and gazes TOWARD CAMERA with deep commiseration. As CAMERA PANS AROUND a chanel parts in the semi-circle of bodies, and TRACKS THROUGH IT and TILTS DOWN to the floor to Ivy, lying still in the arms of Elliot Hoover. Her eyes are scarcely open and only vaguely aware of Dr. Webster and a NURSE feverishly attending to her; of Bill, kneeling beside her, staring sightless at the blanched face of his darling Princess. Then, a spark of light enters Ivy's face and she focuses up at:

ALT.
462A. ANGLE UP

Janice, pale, gaunt, stricken, she slowly sinks to her knees beside Bill -- her staring eyes fastened on Ivy's face.

ALT.
462B. BACK TO SCENE

Ivy gazes from Janice to Bill, and a soft, tired smile struggles to greet them, and her eyes fill with a look that is more than love -- it is a look that is comforting and offers them the assurance that all now is well with her.

(CONTINUED)

ALTERNATE
ENDING

ALT.
462B. CONTINUED:

In the very next instant, her face freezes, holding forever this same expression of love, tranquillity and contentment. Hoover's hand gently covers her eyes to close them.

HOOVER
(depleted)
It's all right now.

ALT.
463. CLOSE SHOT - JANICE

Her tear-filled eyes gaze at her child.

ALT.
463B. CLOSE SHOT - BILL

Staring mutely and in tears.

464. CLOSE SHOT - IVY

Her pale face is translucent in everlasting repose.

465 CLOSE SHOT - HOOVER

Seeing the numb expression on Janice's face, he again repeats with a conviction so powerful as to be indisputable...

HOOVER
It's all right now.

He looks down at the child. CAMERA TILTS DOWN TO the quiescent face.

HOOVER'S VOICE
(continuing)
Her soul is at peace.

466 CLOSE SHOT - JANICE

His words seem to penetrate, seem to bring her a fresh source of strength, and there appears in her expression the first softening signs of acceptance, and of peace.

467 MED. SHOT - IVY

The CAMERA TRACKS INTO Ivy's face as the SCENE gradually LOSES its COLOR, BLEEDS INTO SEPIA, then SLOWLY, SLOWLY WASHES OUT until the SCREEN is WHITE. There is silence. Then the SCREEN BEGINS TO REGAIN COLOR.

468 EXT. THE SUN - (STOCK SHOT)

A hot Indian sun, beating mercilessly down.

469 SHOTS - HINDUS, OLD AND YOUNG, AT THE GANGES - (STOCK SHOTS)

A cacophony of VOICES singing, laughing, form the b.g. of a SERIES of abstract IMPRESSIONS to be found along the Ganges River. We HEAR CHANTING and the SOUNDS of MUSICAL BELLS and SEE Hindu men immersed in the waters, staring up at the sun and praying. Gathered at the banks are women and children, singing and strewing flowers upon the holy river. It is a display that is joyous, warm and rich with the essence of humanity.

JANICE'S VOICE
'Dear Mr. Hoover. Thank you for your beautiful letter. It is good to know that you are in India, doing all the things you must for the peace of our daughter's soul.'

470 ANGLE - ELLIOT HOOVER (STUDIO SHOT)

He is standing on the uppermost step of the Ghats, observing the joyous communion below.

(CONTINUED)

470 CONTINUED:

His expression is one of peace.

JANICE'S VOICE
'I include Bill in my thanks even though he still cannot accept the idea that while Ivy's body is gone, her soul continues to exist, and will continue to exist through many lifetimes.'

SLOW, SLOW DISSOLVE:

471 INT. DES ARTISTES LIVING ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - DAY

We are ON Janice's face as she sits at the boulle desk, writing the letter to Hoover. Her face is radiant with faith, and though her eyes brim with tears, they are luminous with belief.

JANICE'S VOICE
'There are moments when I, too, find it difficult to accept, yet I know in my heart it is true, and that you are right. And that is what sustains me. In permitting you to take Ivy's ashes to India, I believe that Bill has taken the first step toward understanding that we are all immortal...'

472 CLOSE - LETTER - IVY'S PORTRAIT

CAMERA MOVES FROM Janice's hand writing the letter TO the portrait of Ivy, smiling and joyous.

SLOW, SLOW DISSOLVE:

473 EXT. CEMETERY, PITTSBURGH - GRAVESITE - DAY

CAMERA TRACKS BACK FROM a lovely spray of Spring flowers, freshly cut and overflowing a metal vase thrust in the ground at the base of the headstone. A metal sign next to the vase reads: "CARE" CAMERA TILTS UP the headstone which reads: "AUDREY ROSE HOOVER" and below it: "1961-1966."

JANICE'S VOICE
'... Know that I add my prayers to yours for our daughter's soul to mend itself, and find the peace and fulfillment in heaven that it was denied in its earth-life...'

(CONTINUED)

473 CONTINUED:

CAMERA TILTS UP the headstone to the sculpted angel rising above the grave of Audrey Rose.

JANICE'S VOICE
(continuing)
'... And that the day will come when it will feel free and able to seek a new rebirth, and that when it does, she will find parents who are generous, understanding, and who will love her as we all loved her.'

CAMERA TILTS UP to heaven, and a clear morning sky.

FADE OUT.

THE END